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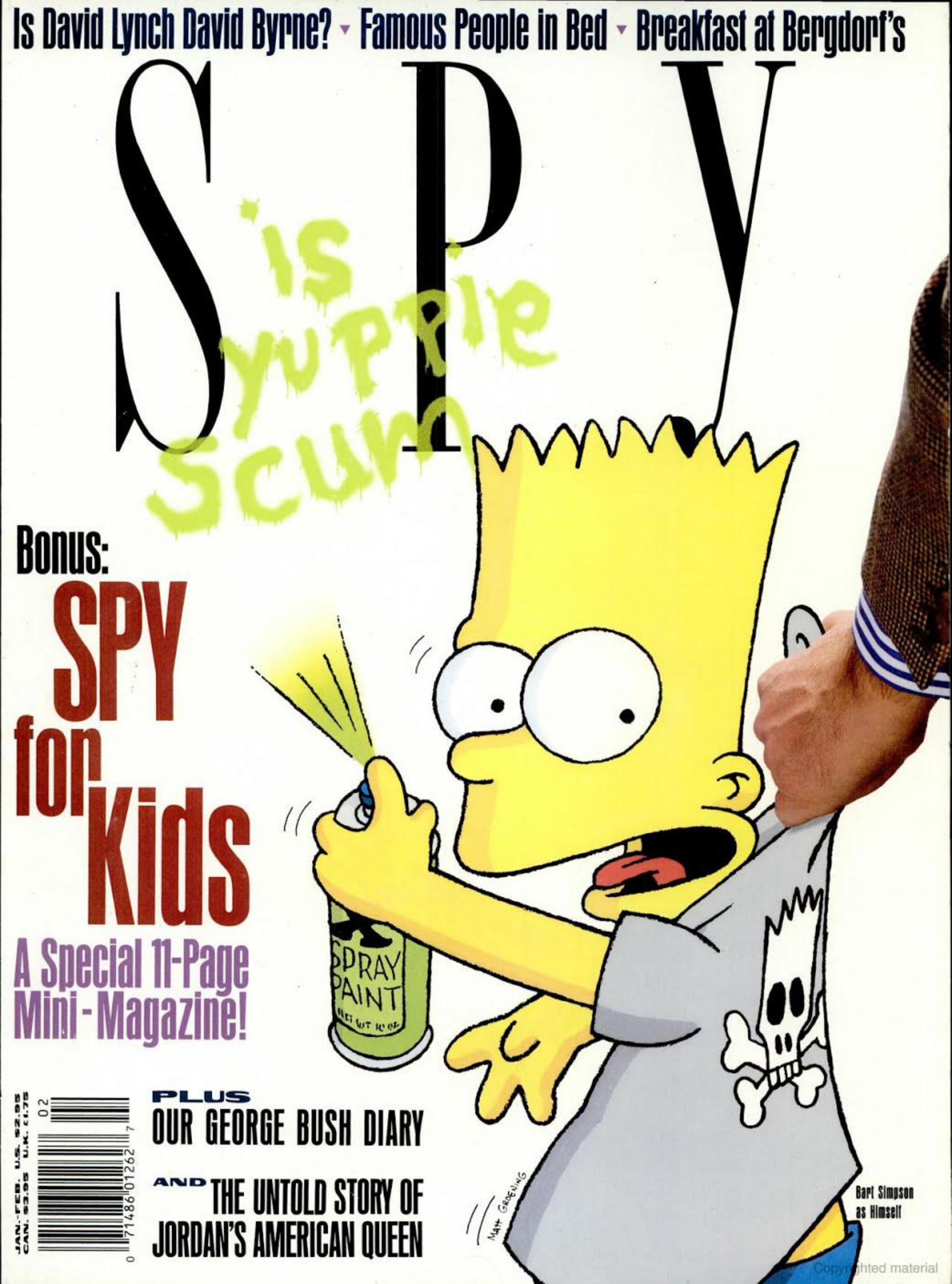
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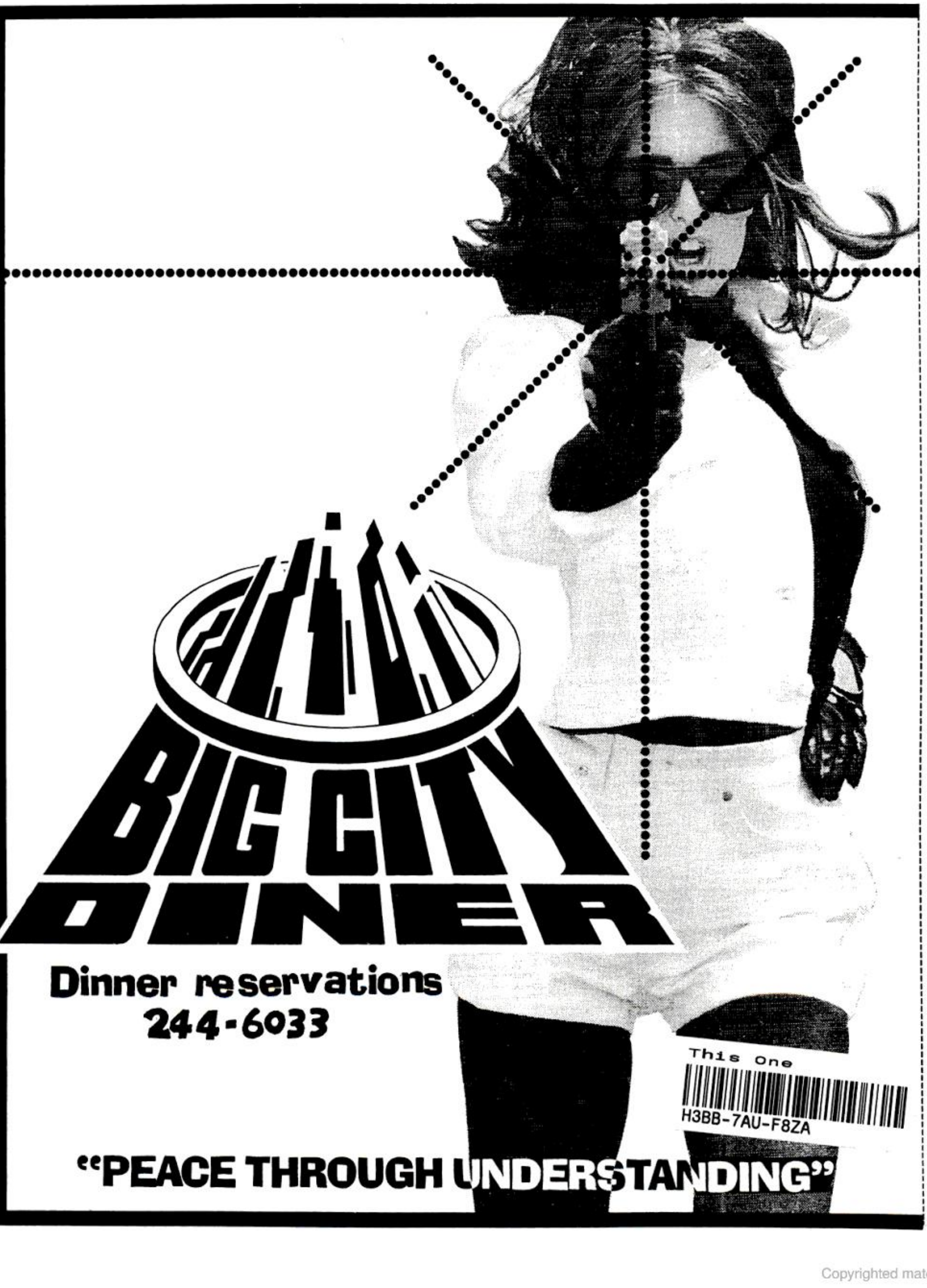
Bart Simpson as Himself

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While the rest of us slept through morning's wee hours, **HARRIET BAROVICK** (*left*) and her colleague **AIMÉE BELL** were brewing coffee and placing long, expensive telephone calls to Amman, Jerusalem, Cairo, Vienna and London, the better to research their profile of Jordan's Queen Noor for this issue. Barovick has since readjusted her internal clock to Eastern Standard Time, which allows her to attend more conveniently and alertly to her duties as SPY's chief of research.



MATT GROENING is the creator of Fox Television's *The Simpsons*, the disturbingly profitable animated program whose insouciant protagonist Bart adorns both our front cover and the cover of our special SPY JR. supplement, not to mention several million unlicensed products for sale along East 14th Street and lower Sixth Avenue. Groening's cartoon *Life in Hell* continues to appear weekly in *The Village Voice*, among other publications.

CONTRIBUTORS



"I am not now, nor will I ever be, working on a book," says contributing editor **JOE QUEENAN**. A popular journeyman along the lines of the beloved 1970s Yankees utility infielder Fred "Chicken" Stanley, Queenan prefers to spread his voluminous output among dozens of periodicals, among them *GQ*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The American Spectator*. In this issue he writes about Bergdorf Goodman's new men's "club."



Unlike Queenan, **RICHARD STENGEL** is only too happy to plug a book in this space: the paperback edition of *January Sun*, his astringent chronicle of one day in the life of a South African town, will be published this month by Touchstone. A charter member of SPY's contributing-editor corps, Stengel has reflected in these pages on celebrity chameleons, boring Canadians, freeloading Britons and, in this issue, Eastern Europe.

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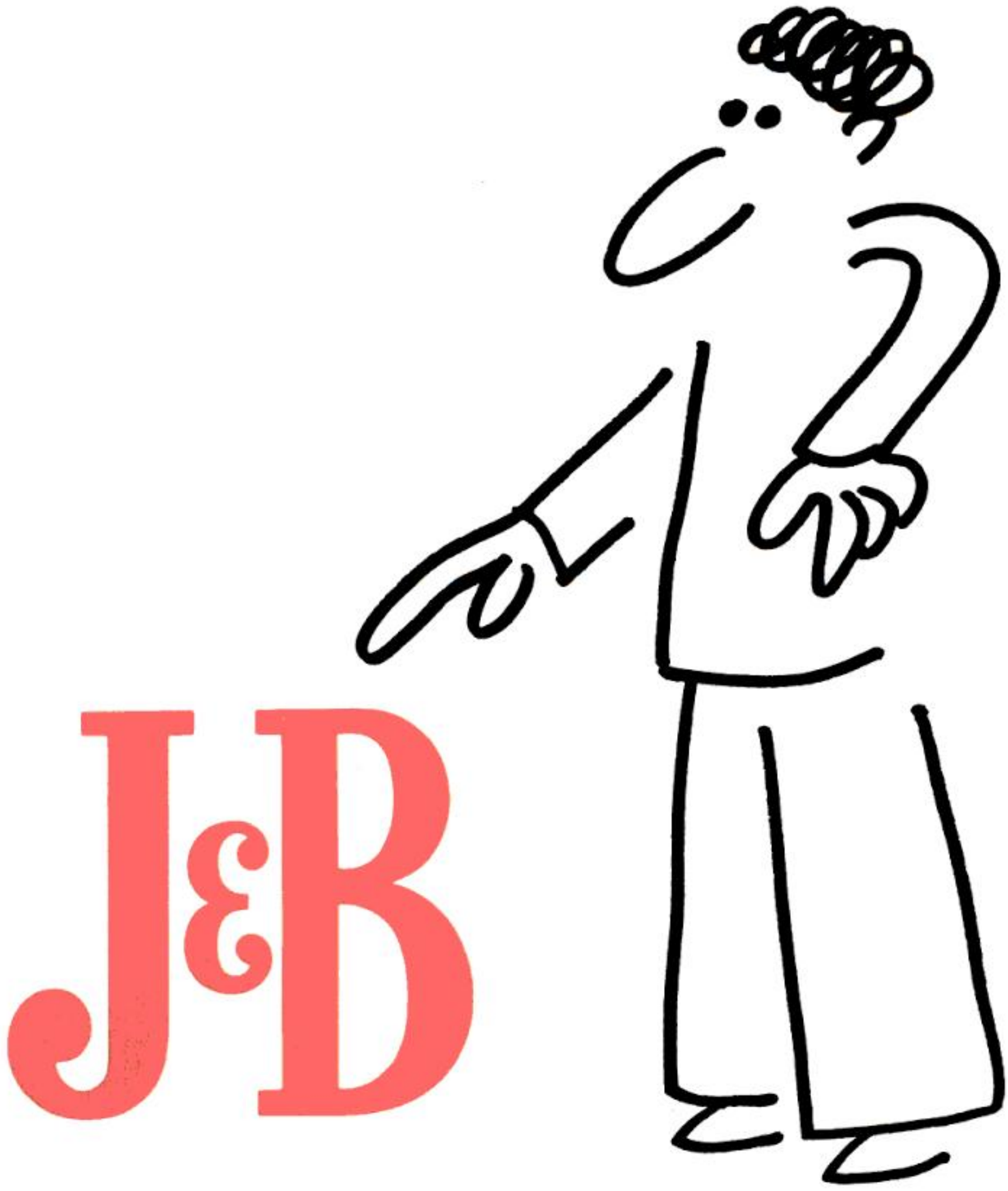
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"Ivana is my wife...of 12 years." —Donald Trump, speaking recently about his 13½-year marriage

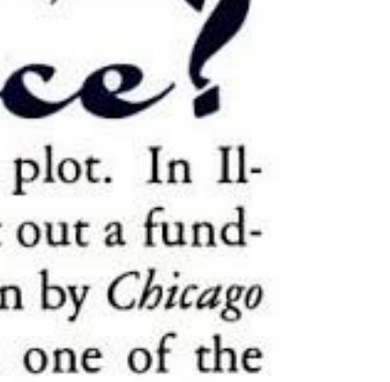


JANUARY, FEBRUARY, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? BOTH ARE loaded with celebrations we find it hard not to feel ambivalent about. Is it an entirely grand idea to give kids a day off from school on account of the birthday of an adulterer and plagiarist, even if he was Martin Luther King Jr.? Are we not embarrassed that Super Bowl Sunday has become the closest thing America has to a national civic moment, a day of TV watching and Doritos eating that unites us more genuinely than the Fourth of July and Election Day combined? Not since around the sixth grade has anyone actually looked forward to Valentine's Day. Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday—these are pretexts, not holidays. Even regular Americans aren't taking the old-fashioned pieties seriously—to their credit. During the Fort Lauderdale obscenity trial of the obscene 2 Live Crew, the judge had to give the jury official permission to laugh out loud at prosecution witnesses (nowhere does the Constitution say "a jury of your *unsmiling* peers"), and then, after a good guffaw, the jurors acquitted the rappers. "I basically took [the testimony] as comedy," one said afterward. As we have started taking nearly all American politics, which has become a lame Paddy Chayefsky–ish comedy, full of cartoon evil, brittle one-liners and spectacle substituting for plot. In Illinois a state representative named Ellis Levin sent out a fund-raising letter that said he'd won "special recognition by *Chicago Magazine*." In fact, the magazine had called him one of the state's ten worst legislators. A Levin aide said the letter was "tongue in cheek"; in that case, an aide to Levin's opponent said, "they should have written 'ha ha' in parentheses." Levin, of course, won the election. (Ha ha.) When Ed Rollins, a key GOP strategist, advised Republican candidates to repudiate Bush-administration policy in their recent campaigns, Bush was furious. But Rollins was jolly and sympathetic. "It's a crazy time," he said, "and a lot of people [in the administration] are irritable. They can only hate one of us at a time. One week it was Saddam Hussein, one week it was Newt Gingrich, and









January, February, what's the difference?

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me today." So Rollins basically took it as comedy. As well he should, since at press time Hussein, Gingrich and Rollins all still had their jobs.

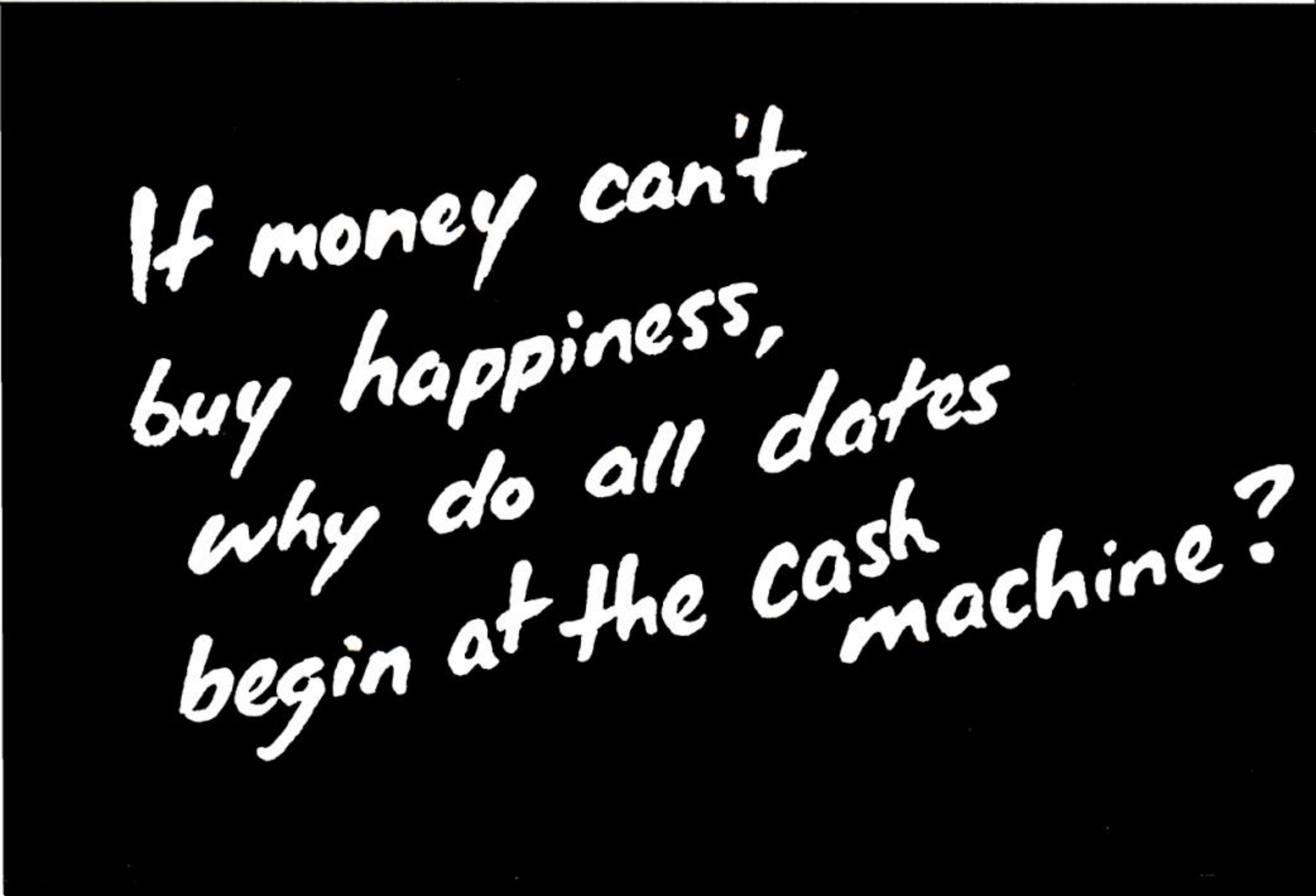
Even before the American air strikes had started in the Persian Gulf, the U.S. had grown a little bored thinking about itself—our minds have been abroad for some time now. The hot domestic social issues? Blah. When the antiabortion movement is reduced to modifying the Pledge of Allegiance to read "with liberty and justice for the born and unborn" (at a Catholic high school outside Cleveland), righteousness pro or con seems untenable. The economic crisis? Dullsville. Besides, as a Harvard investment-banking professor (investment-banking professorships: the Afro-American Studies of the 1980s) reassured the *Times* recently, "This huge superstructure that Wall Street created in the 1980s will collapse, and there will be a lot of blood on the floor, but once it has imploded, Wall Street will be back on a normal growth trend." Implosion, collapse, blood—then business as usual. The drug crisis? Passé. When William Bennett resigned his drug-czarship the same day that Edward Lino, the Gambino family's drug czar, was asked to tender *his* resignation (ha ha in parentheses: Lino was found shot to death in his Mercedes), the listless, party's-over domestic mood became too much to bear.

George Bush thoughtfully suggested in his exhortation to us to support the war effort that Saddam Hussein was even worse than Hitler. But he was really, really angry that day. A week earlier, during the federal-budget debacle, he was apparently very, very happy: he personally took time out to give Bo Derek a tour of the horseshoe pit behind the White House. You can worry, or you can basically take it as comedy—in the case of the White House, a pretty good one, part Stanley Kubrick and part Francis Coppola.

Kubrick, as in the "senior administration official" who, sounding unmistakably Bush-like, explained to the *Times* that the president's threats of war might not be effective because he didn't know whether Saddam's "antennae will be set in a receive mode, or not." Coppola, as in Secretary of State Baker's choppering into the Saudi desert to review bewildered troops in formation, shaking hands with GIs as the First Cavalry marching band belted out Lee Greenwood's "I'm Proud to Be an American."

Which is at work here, utter disingenuousness or extreme naïveté? Earnestness or ha-ha's-inside-parentheses? A Kuwaiti newspaper reported that Saddam had a dream in which Muhammad told him, "I see your rockets deployed wrongly." This was never confirmed by spokesmen for the Iraqi dictator, but on that piece of good news—the rumor of a dream—the world oil price fell $5.41 a barrel the next day, the biggest drop ever.

On East 71st Street—not ordinarily the kind of neighborhood prone to mass delusion (unless it involves the prices of abstract expressionist paintings and co-op apartments)—a truck knocked a limb off a tree and exposed a six-inch-high ivory statue of the Virgin Mary embedded in the trunk. An aide to the local state assemblyman helped collect hundreds of signatures on a petition demanding that the miraculous tree not be cut down. "What's nice," he says, "is that it's a really meaningful experience for people in a cynical age." A cynical age? How on earth would an aide to a New York City politician know? We basically take it as comedy,



part Stephen King, part Preston Sturges.

Some of this winter's delusions are more secular. Having published a best-selling book ostensibly dictated to her by her dog, Barbara Bush has now sent a letter to Marge Simpson, the cartoon character. "I am looking at a picture of you . . . depicted on a plastic cup," she wrote, "with your blue hair filled with pink birds peeking out all over." Eleanor Roosevelt and Helen Keller, Barbara Bush and Marge Simpson: as long as it's a really meaningful experience for people in a cynical age, we're behind it.

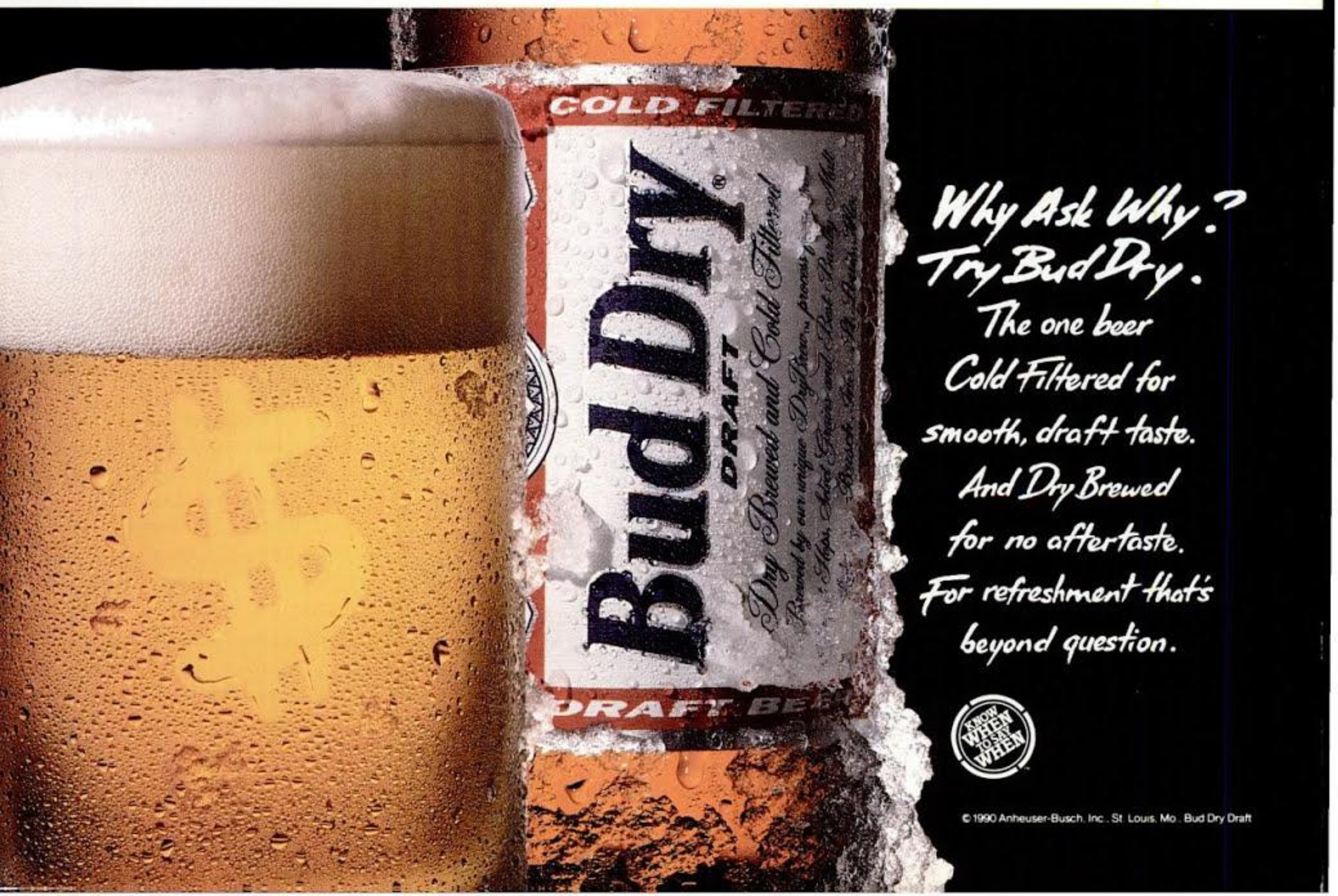


Nutty in Baghdad, nutty in New York, nutty in Washington, nuttiest in Lagos. In Africa's second-largest city, magically empowered penis thieves are believed to shake hands with you and *poof*, your genitals disappear, to be sold later for use in the witchcraft trade. Mobs have attacked suspected robbers; dozens of others have been arrested. As they say, it's a crazy time, and in Nigeria, apparently, a lot of people are irritable. *Really* irritable.

Manuel Noriega, once accused by the Pentagon of involvement in black magic, is now standing trial for drug dealing. Not only have the prosecutors and CNN treated him unfairly, but prison stinks, too. "It's vinyl, stucco, brightly lit and [the] air-conditioning [is] *turned up full*," one of his lawyers complained bitterly. And it gets more nightmarish. According to another lawyer, "He doesn't get to use the tennis courts, the volleyball court *or* the weight room." Yes, we basically take it as comedy—a pretty lame comedy in this instance, directed by John Landis, starring Gene Wilder as the warden and Bob Hoskins as Noriega, a Hollywood Pictures release.

Speaking of Latin dictators, does Fidel Castro still exist? His name now triggers nostalgia (Hula Hoops, pillbox hats, Fidel) more than it does national-security anxiety; in this cynical age, Cuba is no longer a really meaningful experience, and the only people outside of Miami who care enough even to humiliate Castro are the Soviets. According to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Castro has 32 houses, 9,700 bodyguards and a secret wife by whom he has fathered five secret children. It's a crazy story, and Cuba is irritable: "What a lie!" Cuba's ambassador to Moscow declared in a letter to the paper. "For writing this kind of article, the author would be sent for trial in many countries of the world."

People are irritable. (In Moscow, a leader of the pro-pogrom group Pamyat was sent for trial and got two years in prison—prompting one spectator to shout, "This is a Yiddish, Nazi verdict!") *It's a crazy time.* (Just before Thanksgiving we learned that only 36 percent of people have urine that gives off that special sulfur smell following a meal of asparagus, and that Random House is publishing a series of books drenched in thematic aromas—a Christmas book, for instance, that smells like cloves and cinnamon.) *It's a cynical age.* ("Embarrassing?" an incredulous Arista Records executive said when asked about Milli Vanilli. "We sold 7 million albums.") *People are looking for a really meaningful experience.* ("God, I'm glad to be out of Washington," George Bush gushed in Oklahoma. "I'm *thrilled* to be out of Washington.") We basically take it as comedy.



LETTERS TO SPY

DEAR EDITORS Tina Brown's ooey-gooey love letter to Mike Ovitz ["Flattery Will Get You Ten Pages...Maybe," August] made for great reading. What editorial integrity.

It also got me wondering: is the movie *The Grifters* a CAA package deal? Does Condé Nast own a piece of the action? The July *Vanity Fair* had Anjelica Huston on the cover. She stars in *The Grifters*. Same issue, James Wolcott profiled author Jim Thompson. He wrote the novel *The Grifters*. And the Fanfair section had a pointless profile of John Cusack. He costars in...take a guess...*The Grifters*.

Carm Anthony Aiello
Greenville, South Carolina

Sorry, no CAA deal here. Neither Huston nor Cusack is with CAA, and Thompson, by virtue of being dead, stands to benefit even less from any Brown-Ovitz understanding. We admire your spirit, though.

DEAR EDITORS As an ex–*Vanity Fair* subscriber, I've noticed that your own magazine features have begun to mimic those of *VF*. Surely the introduction of a vapid Contributors section represents a conscious effort to mock the equally silly feature in *VF*. The continued presence of Party Poop and other picture layouts of celebrities in issue after issue, however, suggests a hidden admiration of *VF*.

I suspect that all of the Tina Brown–bashing in your magazine has been a sham. Perhaps SPY and *VF* are published by the same corporation.

Katharine M. Congdon
Bad Kreuznach, Germany

It's always a pleasure to hear from our Bad Kreuznach readers. Now: (1) Party Poop began (and continues) as a parody of the sort of photo feature Vanity Fair *runs. (2) We don't have solid evidence to support this, but we* believe *magazines other than* Vanity Fair *and* SPY *run Contributors sections. (3) Published by the same corporation as* VF*? As readers Drew Atkins and John Carron pointed out in March 1990, we are apparently published by the people who bring you* Esquire.

DEAR EDITORS I savored each detail of Tod Stiles's sketch of Erroll McDonald's ass-kissing ways [Books, August]. I had the misfortune, as a former publicity director during Erroll's early years, to promote books that skilled Random House editors turned over to him. This was before the Yalie boy wonder was discovered to be incompetent by the senior executive editors.

I experienced McDonald as less than forthright, conceited (to use a good, old-fashioned word) and neglectful. He was a poor choice to manage books, much less authors' livelihoods. How ironic that he called André Schiffrin incompetent and arrogant. Schiffrin may have ignored the bottom line and continued publishing books he wanted to do (yes, you can call that arrogant), but he was concerned about his authors and their work.

Nancy Lurmann
San Anselmo, California

DEAR EDITORS I applaud James Collins's poetic bitchiness ["What Passes for Friendship Today," September] with one hand but raise a question with the other: haven't these truths of friendship been self-evident for centuries? The history of friendship *is* the history of intrigue (political, religious, sexual or otherwise): (1) Judas and Jesus Christ; (2) Brutus and Julius Caesar (the Platonic ideal of back-stabbing self-aggrandizement); (3) Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey (no divorce, no Hampton Court palace, cloth ears!).

As far as friendship goes, there *were* no kinder and gentler times, no golden age: it's always been your status swap meet. Now we just have more magazines to cover the proceedings.

Robert N. Strickland
New York

We did refer to Peter *betraying Christ, and as for your other examples, well, for obvious reasons, we avoided any historical figures who were—or might just as well have been—played by Richard Burton. Didn't you notice also the absence of Henry II and Thomas à Becket, and King Arthur and Sir Launcelot?*

This *is the sound of one hand clapping?*

DEAR EDITORS If public-opinion polls are correct, I believe that 85 percent of all Canadians (myself included) would thank you for placing

From the Rotisserie League Life Update Column...just kidding. That ever-expanding section still *follows* this one, doesn't it? Doesn't it?

Michael Will of Montreal has written to complain about our characterization of him here in September as "dependably Canadian." How dependably Canadian of him. Will claims he was "humiliated to near-suicide" by our "scathing response" to what he admits was a "cloddish inquiry." And he wonders whether Canadians are to become for SPY "what the Polish were for *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*." Maybe, but not until after our Canadian coeditor resolves certain outstanding issues with the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

FROM THE SPY MAILROOM

Will's letter is the only one in this month's pile from a Canadian reader who is not named Clark. (*Clark*—what a dependably Canadian name.) Karen L. Clark of Toronto takes issue with David W. Ritchie's letter last May describing Canadian cities as "clean and relatively safe." Clark says, "Stay away," citing increasing crime rates and the cold weather. (Even Toronto and Vancouver, she says, are "hyperactive without being interesting.") And Joe Clark, also of Toronto, has caught us referring to the occasionally amusing TV series *Doctor, Doctor* in one issue as "not unfunny" and in another as "witless." Clark—this Clark—must be seriously devoted to either SPY or *Doctor, Doctor* to have noticed that. We're not sure which explanation would make us happier.

"I enjoy your magazine as much as I can," writes William King of Hayward, California. Who could ask for more? And here's another rabid fan:

"I have just subscribed to your magazine because I was getting bored with *Vanity Fair*'s stupid puns," writes Christine Stapp of San Marino, California. That's okay—magazines take them any way they can get them, and if there are better reasons to subscribe to SPY than a vague disenchantment with puns elsewhere, we're not aware of them. So welcome. Your check ►

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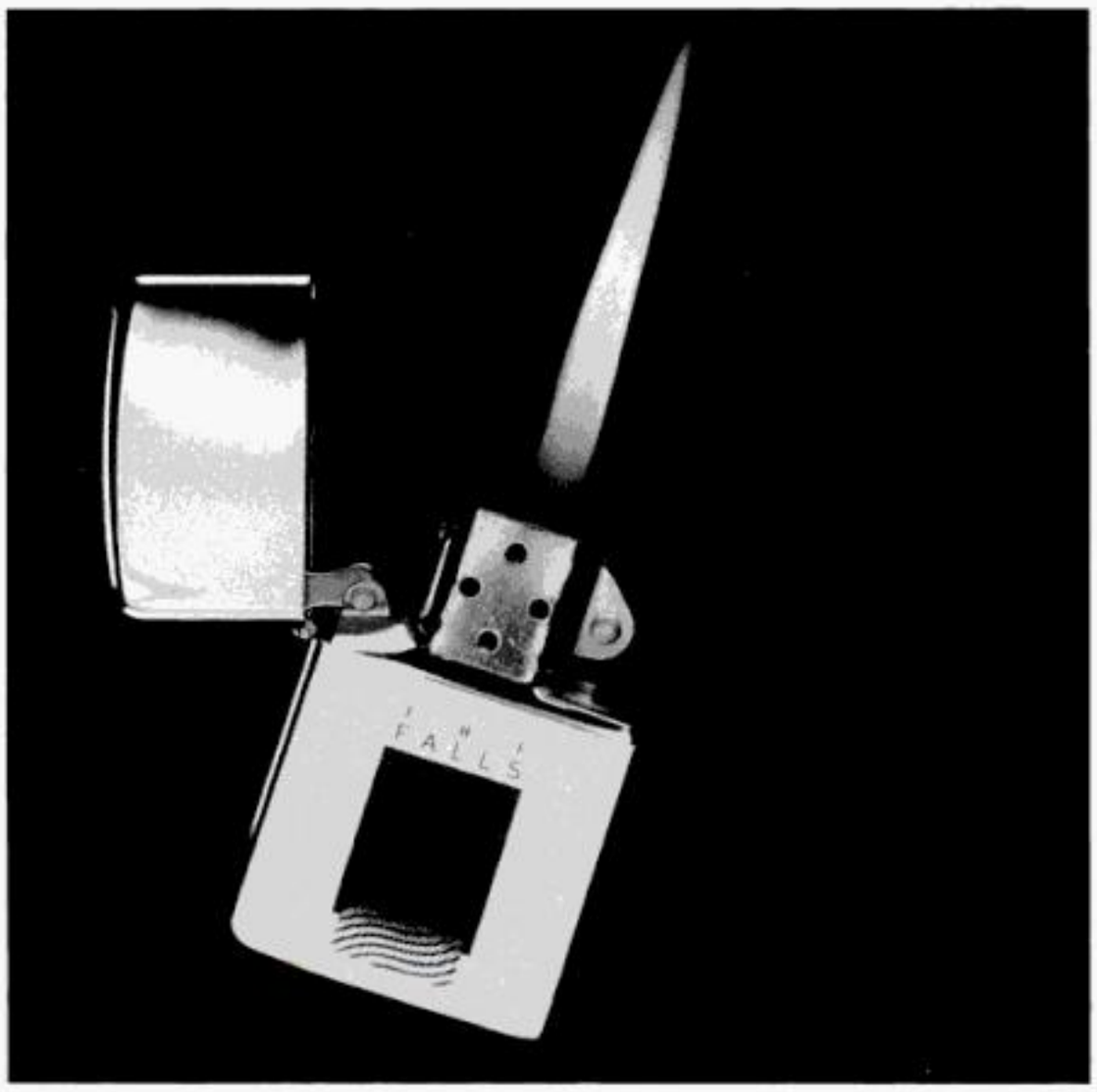


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has cleared? Terrific. We noticed you were able to squeeze a question onto your postcard (in the space most SPY readers reserve to tell us how much they liked the last issue or to ask us when this column is finally going to end so they can get to the Rotisserie League Life update): "Would you please tell me how many subscribers you have in San Marino?" We have dozens—bored, to a subscriber, with *Vanity Fair*'s stupid puns.

"I must confront you with the accusation that you willfully provoked another controversy in your Mailroom column," writes James E. Froeming of Appleton, Wisconsin, sounding a great deal like Humphrey Bogart accusing Sidney Greenstreet of palming the $1,000 bill in *The Maltese Falcon*. Yes, sir, that we did. In September we intentionally used two spellings (provided by two different readers) for the capital of Burkina Faso—"Ouagadougu" and "Ougadougou." Now Froeming provides us with a third and fourth: "Ouagadougou" (according to the *World Almanac* and the *Information Please Almanac*) and "Ouagoudougou" (*Universal Almanac*). We have a feeling we haven't heard the end of this.

"Dear Sir or Madam or Pig"—these are the ones we love—"I think your publication deserves a good thrashing. Every month you oink-oink at famous people who have actually *done* something with their lives, be it acting or singing or in the political arena—rather than just spending their life jerking off with pen and paper. Those that can do, do, and thos that can't go into 'journalism.' Many of the people you put down are people who have given a great deal of pleasure to me.... Journalism used to stand for so much more than just the ability to snear and snort. Ask Walter Cronkite. Ask Huntley and Brinkley. If you *must* go after someone, why not go after the gabor sisters....Oink Oink you febile brains!" Well put, except—and this is where your whole argument falls apart—*Chet Huntley is dead*.

David S. Shukan of Marina Del Rey, California, has sent us a letter that forces us to mention Rotisserie League Life yet again. Shukan has appar- ►

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Brian Mulroney on the list of Tyrannical Despots in "Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending)" [by Jimmy Guterman and Don Steinberg, September].

Nolan W. Evans
Guelph, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS Your list of big, scary organizations in "Rotisserie League Life" got me thinking that something is afoot:

KKK	CAA*
Illiterate	Alliterative (okay, assonant)
Stronghold in South Carolina	Stronghold in southern California
Rank-and-file support for David Duke	Rank-and-file support for "Duke" Dukakis
Admits only white people	Admits only "the right" people
Membership includes redneck swine	Membership includes Neil Diamond, composer of "Red, Red Wine"
Represents Christian people everywhere	Represents Christian Slater everywhere

I think a full-scale investigation is in order. I'd undertake it myself, but all my time is currently devoted to the poetry compendium I'm compiling for your 30th-anniversary edition.

John Pappajohn
Glen Burnie, Maryland

*Past and present membership included

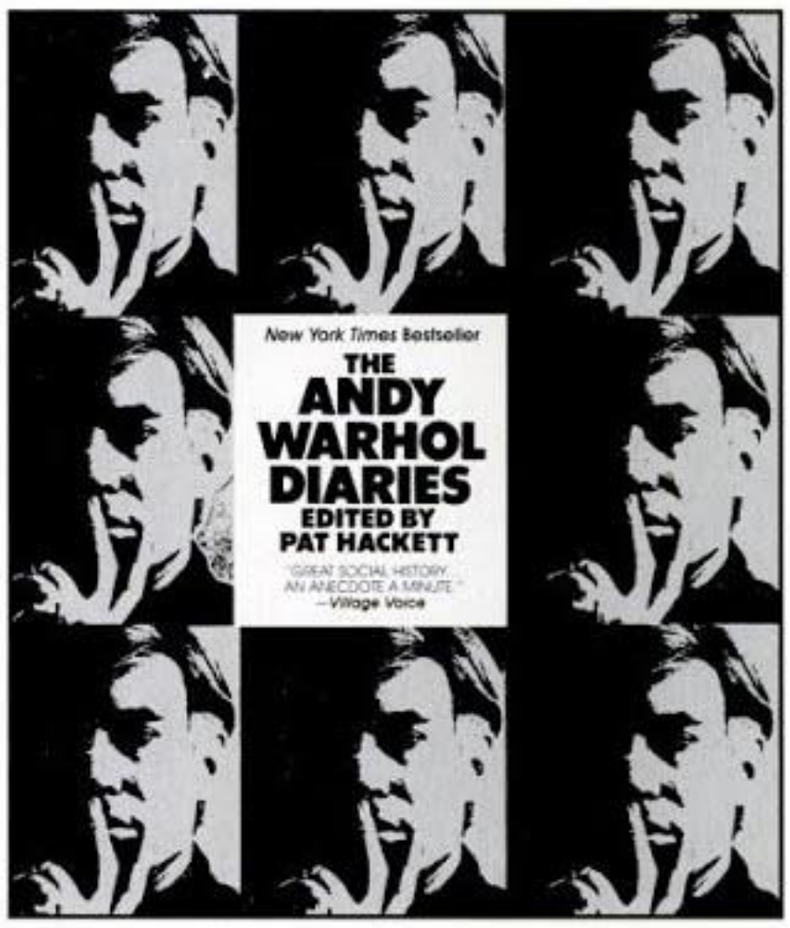
DEAR EDITORS I sure am having fun playing Rotisserie League Life. With all its scrutinizing, second-guessing and potential for surprises, it reminds me a little of Clue. But, be straight now, is RLL simply a play to market an overhyped, gimmicky, Martin Mull–ish SPY movie? Oooof!! I hope not.

Paul C. Treacy
Ithaca, New York

No; it's a play to market an overhyped, gimmicky and highly entertaining SPY *900-number telephone game, explained on page 16.*

DEAR EDITORS I'd like to comment on No. 74 on The SPY 100 [October]. Not that I disagree

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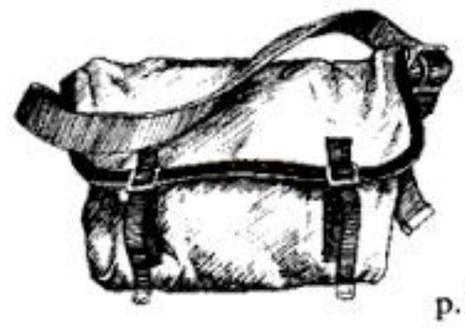
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FALLEN EMPIRE

- ideas for the decline -



p.11

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FALLEN EMPIRE: ***ideas for the decline and the incline and the recline.***



p.14

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ently written directly to *USA Today* (cc: SPY), and his letter drops enough of his Rotisserie selections (Trump, Ovitz, *Cop Rock*, Marla Maples, *Batman*, Senator Durenberger, AMPAS, political consultants, Chapter 11, Spike Lee, Lennon) to, as he puts it, "pull in a quick 20 points" if *USA Today* simply prints the letter. Clever, Mr. Shukan, very clever. But your point total for this mention here is, of course, zero.

In October, when we reproached *MacUser* magazine's Guy Kawasaki for borrowing ideas liberally from SPY, we also wondered aloud whether we'd ever find anything to steal from *MacUser*. Now Bruce Mewhinney of *MacUser* writes to say we already have. "I refer to your colorful, distracting 'infographics,'" he says. "As one of the *MacUser* editors responsible for transforming impenetrable technical data into impenetrable technical charts, I have often remarked upon the similarity between our lavish spreads and your subsequent efforts." Maybe you're right—we started publishing one suspicious year after you did.

Speaking of Rotisserie League Life, David R. Peterson of Washington, D.C., faults us for listing Burma under "Chaotic Nation" (September). "That which was once Burma has been officially called Myanmar since June 18, 1989," writes Peterson. Right—we'll count mentions of either one in the scoring, since, at least in *The New York Times*, the good old romantic name and the strange unpronounceable new name are used interchangeably.

For Sonia—just plain Sonia—of Lenexa, Kansas, the August SPY was her first. She particularly enjoyed "A Casino Too Far: Pages from the Donald J. Trump Scrapbook, 1990–96," by Jamie Malanowski, and "There's a Make-believe Fly in My Soup," by David Adam. But Sonia says she was disappointed to learn that "SPY has existed one year longer than I have and up to now I've missed every issue!" Sonia is—three and a half? That explains it: she hasn't yet *learned* her last name.

Read our lips: no further talk of nubbins. Starree Markham of Raleigh, North Carolina, has sent us a clipping from the Raleigh *News and Observer* in which columnist Ellen Creager writes that "lawn-mower sales have been trimmed down to nubbins." Jim Loter of Dearborn, Michigan, cites a 1987 *Chicago Reader* column by Cecil Adams (describing nubbins as the little things that once were used to click into electrical sockets to keep the plug in place) as proof that "nubbins are extinct, which is why this nubbins question is so baffling." No less an authority than *The New York Times*'s William Safire recently used the word (in his On Language column, even), referring to a phrase that had been "pared down to what seems to be its nubbin." But Jonathan Earle of Princeton, New Jersey, has sent us the nubbin reference to end all nubbin references, or at the very least this paragraph: in a 1980 book written by SPY's non-Canadian coeditor, there's a description of a proper name that "isn't easily hacked into a locker-room nubbin of its former self." That should bring us full circle, no? Does anyone *really* want to go round again?

Thanks to all the conspiracy theorists and conspiracy-theorist watchers who have sent along new, crucial information, much of it previously suppressed (see "Coincidence? Perhaps," by George Kalogerakis, July). One unidentified reader, contending that the JFK assassination remains "unsolve," offers to explain "What Really Happen." It's all too confusing to go into here (rest assured there *was* "Government Envolvement"), but we would like to pass along the significance now being attached to a nearby "Grassy Knob."

There's plenty more. Thanks to the anonymous person who sent us the "special genetic cross-breeding issue" of a newsletter called *The Missing Link*. (The envelope, by the way, was originally addressed to "SPAIGH," but wiser heads—or a telephone directory—prevailed.) *The Missing Link* is a compelling publication. One article begins, "Lots of people are having kids these days. On April 1, 1990 at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon I found out that I too, and for the first time, had become a father. In fact, as I was to find out shortly afterwards, a father of 34 kids with 8 more in embryo form. You see, I found out that I had been abducted by UFOs/ETs (Unidentified Flying Objects or Extra-Terrestrials) for cross-breeding purposes...." The same issue includes a poem that ►

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with your assessment; the 1990 Louisiana State legislature definitely *was* one of the year's most annoying, alarming and appalling things. However, you state that Louisiana passed "one bill that effectively decriminalizes physical assaults on flag burners...another that imposes the nation's tightest restrictions on the content and sale of record albums and another that bans almost all abortion," and that "a bill outlawing spousal rape was defeated." Well, that's *mostly* true.

When the anti-spousal-rape bill was hooted off the floor as if the House of Representatives was full of knuckle-walking good ol' boys scratching their privates (which it soon proved itself to be), for many native Louisianans it was the first sign of how seriously wrong-headed their legislature was. But if it hadn't been for this unintentional early warning, the prochoice and pro–First Amendment groups would have been caught off their guard later on.

For the record, yes, the abortion and record-labeling bills were passed, but they were vetoed by the governor, Buddy Roemer. The flag-burning bill never was passed *as such* (and probably never would have got off the House floor in any event). After the first abortion bill (which did not include a measure for rape and incest) was defeated, the flag-burning bill was "sacrificed" and rewritten to include abortion. Since the basic language of the flag bill centered on turning a felony (assault) into a misdemeanor (punch a flag burner, pay $25), attempts to rewrite it so that abortionists would be forced to pay a $100,000 fine and serve ten years at hard labor were, to say the least, constitutionally suspect. This piece of garbage legislation stood the same chance of being passed into law as would a bill proclaiming abortion illegal unless the fetus burned a flag. And the anti-spousal-rape bill? A slightly altered version of the same bill was later passed without comment.

Nancy A. Collins
New Orleans, Louisiana

DEAR EDITORS I think No. 44 should have been called "Tone-deaf Defenses of Rap." You adopted the usual line, comparing criticisms of rap to earlier criticisms of rock 'n' roll. Didn't you ever hear the saying "An analogy is no proof"? Do you mean you can

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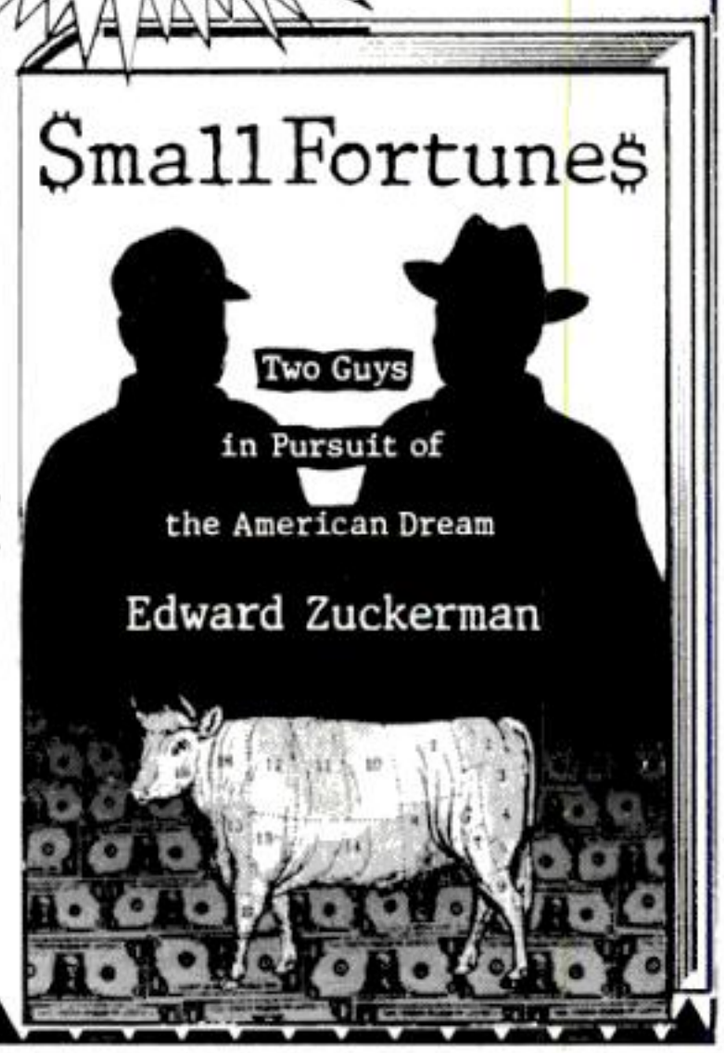
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☎ **TRADE 'EM**: On subsequent calls, you can swap your poor performers for hot-streaking talent. And each week SPY will bring up a hot new prospect for you to choose.

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To receive a copy of the September issue's original Rotisserie League Life article, send us a check or money order for $1 (no cash or credit cards accepted). Also, old-timers already playing the magazine version, now months into their season, can get weekly scoring results for that contest by mail, at no cost. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SPY's Rotisserie Update, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y., 10003.

Calls cost $2 for the first minute, 95 cents for each additional minute.

Back in September we introduced an amusing game called Rotisserie League Life. Now comes a faster version that (1) uses modern telecommunications technology—as a force for good; (2) might make you modestly more wealthy; and (3) is more fun than just about anything else you can do with a telephone, not excluding speaking to a person ostensibly named Bambi. Yes, it's *Rotisserie League Life 1991—The Phone Version*.

This game, modeled on Rotisserie League Baseball, tests not sports acumen but your knowledge of current events. It challenges you to assemble a roster of people, objects and concepts that will make news more often than other people's rosters. (One point is awarded for each mention the entry receives in *USA Today*.)

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102 Carl Icahn
103 Charles H. Keating Jr.
104 Henry Kravis
105 Mike Milken
106 Rupert Murdoch
107 Ron Perelman
108 Laurence Tisch
109 Donald Trump
110 Mort Zuckerman

SCANDAL-TAINTED POLITICIAN
201 Alan Cranston
202 Al D'Amato
203 Dennis DeConcini
204 David Duke
205 Barney Frank
206 Newt Gingrich
207 Gary Hart
208 Ted Kennedy
209 Don Riegle

FICTITIOUS ANNOYANCE
301 Agent Dale Cooper
302 Freddy Krueger
303 Mickey Mouse
304 Dan Quayle's respectability
305 Bart Simpson
306 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
307 Dick Tracy
308 Uncle Buck
309 Nancy Weston

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402 IRA
403 IRS
404 Ku Klux Klan
405 Mafia
406 Medellín cartel
407 *The New York Times*
408 NRA
409 PMRC

CRUMBLING INSTITUTION
501 CIA
502 congressional ethics
503 Bill Cosby
504 health care
505 NATO
506 network news
507 New York City
508 New York Yankees
509 nuclear family
510 Warsaw Pact

PANACEA
601 Barbara Bush
602 condoms
603 increased productivity
604 Just Say No
605 limiting terms in office
606 liquid diets
607 Prozac
608 recycling
609 tough schools

GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME
701 casino gambling
702 get bought out by the Japanese
703 own the film rights to a tragic tale
704 "900" phone lines
705 Simplesse
706 sleep with a celebrity
707 win on *America's Funniest Home Videos*
708 win the lottery
709 write a screenplay

DEAD CELEBRITY
801 James Dean
802 Buddy Holly
803 JFK
804 John Lennon
805 Marilyn Monroe
806 Jim Morrison
807 Elvis Presley
808 Andy Warhol
809 Malcolm X

SEXPOT
901 Tom Cruise
902 Sherilyn Fenn
903 Andy Garcia
904 Mel Gibson
905 John F. Kennedy Jr.
906 Madonna
907 Michelle Pfeiffer
908 Julia Roberts
909 Claudia Schiffer

SPY's *Rotisserie League Life Contest Guidelines*: 1. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. 2. Description of contest: SPY's Rotisserie League Life is an interactive telephone game in which the caller can use his knowledge of current events. 3. Term of game: Game begins January 1, 1991, and continues through June 30, 1991. A caller may sign up at any time during the term; one entrant per Social Security number. 4. Telephone requirement: Callers with a touch-tone telephone can play the game from anywhere in the continental United States by dialing 1-900-884-4-SPY at any time, 24 hours a day, during the term. Callers from rotary telephones are unable to play. 5. Restrictions: Anyone with a Social Security number can play the game; anyone under the age of 18 must get parental permission before calling. All prizes won by anyone under 18 will be awarded in his name to his parent or legal guardian. 6. Rules availability: This game is subject to the complete Official Rules. A copy of the Official Rules, the alternate method of entry and/or a complete list of winners can be obtained, free of charge, in person from PPI, 919 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, during normal business hours, or write to SPY's Rotisserie League Life, c/o PPI, P.O. Box 7012, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022. AT&T is not a sponsor of the game.

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actually listen to that doggerel and say, "It's just another art form, as valid as others that preceded it"? Idiotic lyrics, pathetic rhymed couplets chanted over a repetitive beat — rap is cretinous.

Not every form of music that people present to us has equal merit. People listen to Loretta Lynn — does that mean I have to abandon criticism? Even paranoids have enemies, and even music that is criticized sometimes sucks.

Larry Eubank
Jeffersonville, Indiana

Yo, Larry!
Rap — we ain't endorsin' it
We just dissin' the people
Who —

(Well, that's where we lost it, but what we're trying to say is it was the fuddy-duddyish reactions to rap by some of the same people who once embraced rock's outlaw spirit that annoyed, alarmed and appalled us.)

Yo!

DEAR EDITORS Give Henry Alford a well-deserved stein of the Oktoberfest brew for his brave trek around Manhattan's quirky bed-and-breakfasts ["Don't Let the Bedbugs Bite!," October]. I'd love to be the first guest at the SPY B&B. But tell me up front, are my sneakers going to give off too much negative energy?

And four stars of satirical insight to Paul Rudnick for exposing *Faux* Naïfs for who and what they are ["Presumed Innocence"].

Stephen Ghigliotty
Tequesta, Florida

DEAR EDITORS If, as you say on the Contributors page, Paul Rudnick is the dessert at the banquet of literature, I suggest that the batter is getting a bit thick and you would do well to cut a few pounds of butterfat and molasses out of the recipe, and a few hours off the cooking time.

Rudnick's main points were well taken, and high-toned ridicule delivered from a platform of moral outrage is, of course, the reason we all read your fine periodical. Nevertheless, while overkill in the service of social satire is no vice, does the author truly believe he is winning over the reader to his arguments against creeping cultural infantilism when he slams Sinéad O'Connor for calling her album *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* — "an honorable sentiment from anyone who has just gone multiplatinum"? We are invited to scorn O'Connor as a hypocrite for not knowing *before* she recorded and titled the album that it would take her from cult obscurity to international-celebrity and millionaire status. Once an author displays a degree of disingenuousness this extreme, a certain distance is created between him and the reader.

O'Connor is faulted for having large eyes; Melanie Mayron has "matchstick" arms — telltale signs of their dishonesty, cowardice and refusal to risk. Kurt Russell is a simpering Naïf for saying that his lover "has a natural desire and ability to seek out joy." Michelle Shocked has "defiantly mouse-brown" hair and her songs are lent "a bogus authenticity" by her having survived institutionalization and rape.

At this point, the suspicion dawns that Rudnick may have problems with life beyond his problem with people who affect



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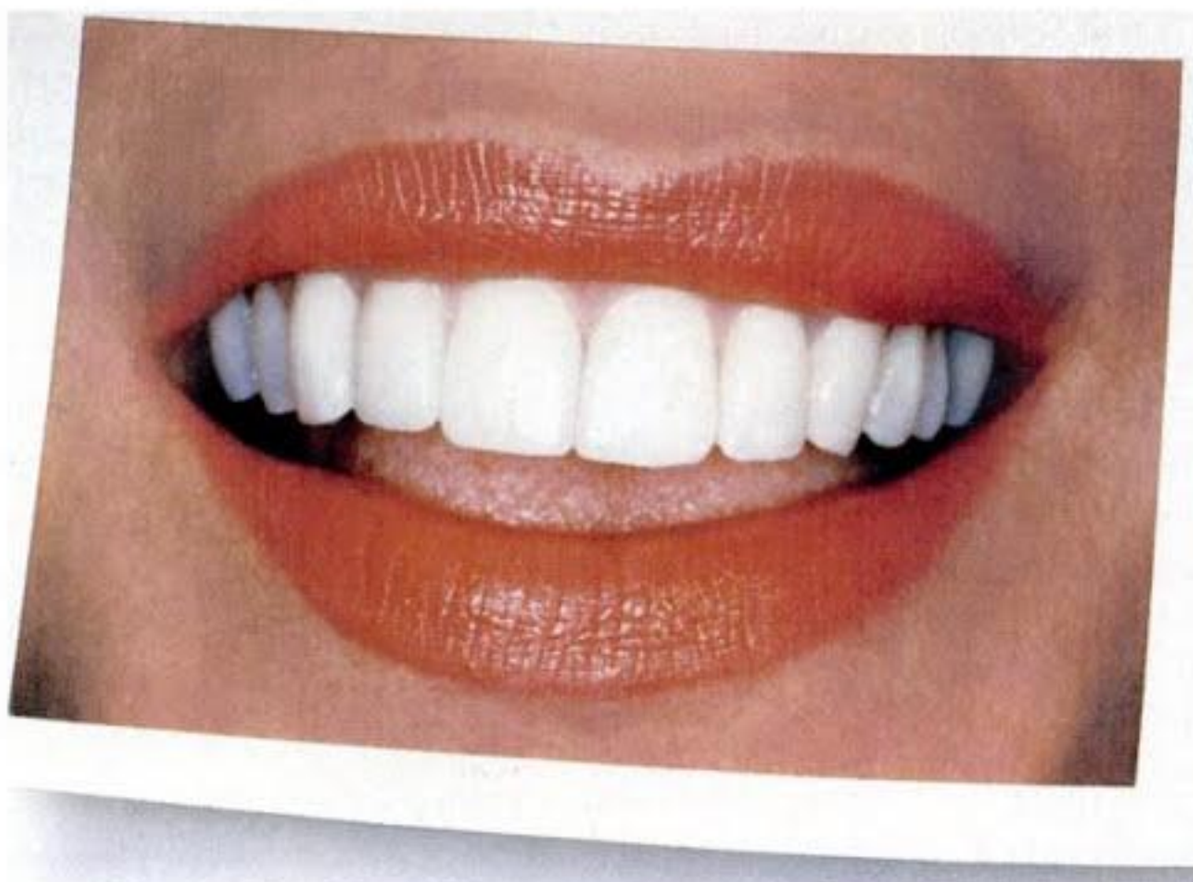
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opens with "Is it all a game to you, my alien friend?" and ends with the couplet "I love you, my Alien/I am your willing abductee."

Steve Jackson of Austin, Texas, sent his board game, Illuminati: The Game of Conspiracy ("Nothing terrible has happened to us yet," wrote Jackson. "The March 1 incident in which the Secret Service raided our offices under a sealed warrant was obviously just a coincidence"). John Adams of Lafayette, Colorado, sent an excerpt from *When Worlds Collide*, a 1933 novel that situates a Japanese character at a scene of devastation in the United States *on December 7*. (Adams asks, "Prescience or conspiracy?" Well, that's one we don't have to agonize over; but you may recall that in November 1987 we predicted to the day when Gary Hart would, post-adultery-revelation, reenter the presidential race, and if we are part of a conspiracy, nobody has told us about it.) Still more readers, from Nick Wolf of Columbus, Ohio, to Blair McKee of Winnetka, Illinois, checked in with amusing conspiracy theories of their own (sorry, no room for them—that Rotisserie League Life update is just sentences away), but the one we liked best was on a postcard sent by Eli Messinger of San Jose, California. The card showed the destruction caused by the "San Francisco Bay Area Earthquake" in four photographs that were copyrighted "1988"—*a year before the quake*.

Finally—finally—thanks to Massachusetts "assassinologist" R. B. Cutler for all his encouraging, if elliptical, mail. "*Perestroika* without *glasnost*," he wrote in one missive, "is like... you're better at this than I." Um...like Rotisserie League Life without nubbins?

C O R R E C T I O N

In November's column "Judges' Ed.," we inadvertently inflated the city of Warsaw, New York, into a county.

ATTENTION FANS OF ROTISSERIE LEAGUE LIFE

See page 16 for information about an enormously fun and only moderately expensive way to play this exciting SPY game by phone.

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a childish or dysfunctional manner. Just as it is not permissible that Michelle Shocked's harrowing life experiences might authentically inform her music, so it is that childhood has nothing to do with adulthood. The man is father to the man.

In the end, Rudnick reveals his eighteenth-century view of children as nonpersons, and childhood as forgotten downtime in the waiting room of life. The author is clearly an adult who does not lack bravado and is willing to "live full tilt and to decay with style." But his argument decays otherwise.

Andrew Christie
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS Unfortunately your writer Rachel Urquhart never contacted me concerning the work that Clay Felker did for *U.S. News & World Report* ["Voyage to the Bottom of the Newsstand," November].

For the record, let me state that Clay made an enormous contribution to the revitalization of *U.S. News & World Report*. His ideas were relevant, constructive, valued and, most of all, reflected an extraordinary understanding of the new role that newsweeklies must establish for themselves — not as regurgitators of the previous week's important events, but as analysts and interpreters of the most important trends and issues coming up. In addition, he was particularly valuable in developing the whole News You Can Use section for *U.S. News & World Report*, which has been extraordinarily well received.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman
Editor in chief
U.S. News & World Report
New York

We thank Mr. Zuckerman for his defense of Mr. Felker. (Though his complaint is interesting in light of his contention in GQ *this fall that he doesn't "cooperate with female reporters {because} all they really want to know is why aren't I married to them.")*

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.*

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FASHION RATION

PLENTY OF NYLONS ON DISPLAY TO SHOW WHAT THE GIRLS WANTED IN 1944

If you are still all gammed out in **Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren** and **Calvin** you're in for a shock. When the oil prices hit the ceiling, their jet transport from the Far East, (where most of their clothes are made), will drive their prices up 40% for Christmas With this in mind **Quai D'Orsay** researched the extraordinary fashion period of France circa 1944 when there was no fashion and no money. Then we threw a **Liberation of Paris Party** where everybody wore the rationed look of **World War II**. Women exchanged their skirts for slacks and since there was no coal for heat or shoe leather, wore ski outfis with clogs. Electricity cuts closed hair salons and caused turbans to come into fashion and women painted stripes on their calves to imitate nylons. The food for the Quai D'Orsay fette was trés simple and Quai D'Orsay chefs served up plenty of potatoes and bubbly recalling **Hemmingway** storming the Ritz, liberating the champagne cellar and forcing the Germans into the kitchen to peel potatoes.



OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

ART COLLECTORS AND CRITICS CAVORT ON BASTILLE DAY

Pretty madamoiselles were laughing their heads off at the mock constructed guillotine looming in the back of the restaurant at the Quai D'Orsay Bastille Day Party but some of the collectors and critics above had pretty sad faces. It was a terrible art summer with prices plummeting so badly that a few depressed collectors had to be restrained from putting their heads in the guillotine. Big time West Broadway moguls have experienced massive deflation with some Jaspers down as much as 300%. This might be time to set aside some good wine from the Quai D'Orsay cellar as a hedge against further art market disasters.

BRACE YOURSELF FOR HARD TIMES

Quai D'Orsay initiates **Brace Yourself for Hard Times Brunch** 7 days a week. Let the **Nancy Reagan** idle rich keep their anorexic looks.Quai D'Orsay patrons intend to face the Reagan/Bush recession with a full stomach. After the healthy fruit platters and cereals, you can carbo load on heavy orders of grits, crepes, buckwheat pancakes, quiches, polenta, 100 % Bran and Wasa Bread with assorted smoked fish. Or if you want eggs and several varieties of French country ham and bacon it's here. It will all be available 7 days a week at a low prix fixe.



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THE USUAL SUSPECTS



L. SMITH



A. LLOYD WEBBER



J. MCINERNEY

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

PORTRAIT OF THE MEMORANDIST AS A YOUNG MAN

We always thought of Mark Kostabi as someone far more successful as a self-promoter than as an artist. How wrong even we can be. Recently we received a copy of a prescriptive memo Kostabi sent to the anonymous painters who actually execute his works (which sell for up to $70,000):

"NOTICE TO PAINTERS
"EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY—UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE—OR UNLESS SPECIFICALLY APPROVED BY MARK KOSTABI

"1. *All figures must be rendered in high contrast:* meaning either white into black or a very light color into a very dark color. *The only exceptions are:*

"A. In the case of a multiple figure composition, certain figures may not be in the stream of direct light....

"B. If you are trying to achieve a Deliberate Atmospheric effect, for example: figures fading into the hazy distance, in which case foreground figures should be high contrast and receding figures can gradually be less contrasty. ►

DEFAULT-DECADE DIARY: Mindful of **DONALD TRUMP**'s notorious deadbeat tendencies, First Boston, the investment bank representing Trump in negotiations with the Taj Mahal bondholders he has been trying to stiff, made a highly unusual request of its client: the bank, itself in the throes of a cash crunch, demanded that Trump pay his fee up front, in cash—no extensions or tough-guy tactics permitted.

II

ELDERLY GOSSIPEUSE **LIZ SMITH** is showing increasing signs of mental disarray. This fall she somehow got her hands on a prepublication copy of *New York*'s warmed-over cover story on **IVANA TRUMP** and became agitated over its contention that she'd written her Trump-split scoop with the cooperation of Ivana's lawyer **MICHAEL KENNEDY**. She immediately called banty, social-climbing *New York* editor **ED KOSNER**, and at her strident behest—*If you ever want my help on any story again*, she croaked, *change that sentence*—the offending line was altered to mention another of Ivana's handlers, public-relations shaman **JOHN SCANLON**. Apparently placated, Liz gushed about the piece in her column, but then she made a special point of *denying* the article's assertion about her and Scanlon—precisely the assertion she had all but dictated to Kosner the week before.

III

IN ORDER TO HOUSE HIMSELF and his entourage during the Broadway staging of *Miss Saigon*, itty-bitty British showman **CAMERON MACKINTOSH** purchased a theater-district pied-à-terre—sight unseen. Alas, when the producer of the musical about a Vietnamese prostitute finally arrived to inspect his new West 44th Street townhouse, he deemed it unacceptable. While pimps and prostitutes are fine onstage, it seems that the sight of similar, real-life characters in the neighborhood was too much for the sensitive producer. The townhouse was immediately put up for resale and remains on the market for $1.2 million.

IIII

WHILE TINY BRITISH COMPOSER **ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER** was holed up in *his* New York pied-à-terre—a crinoline-upholstered Trump Tower duplex—working on *Aspects of Love*, he was besieged by phone calls from **STEVEN SPIELBERG**, his upstairs neighbor. Spielberg asked whether Lloyd Webber might be interested in skipping *Aspects*'s Broadway run and transferring the musical directly to the screen—with Spielberg as director, of course. At one point Lloyd Webber instructed an assistant to "get Mr. *Shpiel*berg on the phone." "Tell me, Steven," Lloyd Webber said, "just how much money do you make from your films?" Spielberg responded that he had taken in something on the order of $75 million from *E.T.*, and shortly thereafter the two concluded their discussion. "Seventy-five million dollars," Webber later mused aloud. "It hardly seems worth the bother."

IIII

JAY MCINERNEY HAS ATTEMPTED to impersonate F. Scott Fitzgerald for years. And while he fails in replicating his hero's literary success, he is having some luck in mimicking Fitzgerald's life-style excesses. Recently a respected television producer was enjoying dinner at Elaine's with friends when he was interrupted by a reeling, extravagantly anesthetized patron who looked for all the world like McInerney. The fellow groped for a chair to pull up beside the producer but, finding that just too difficult a maneuver, fell into the lap of his intended comrade. *Lishen*, the former boy wonder whispered conspiratorially, *let's get your older crowd together with my younger crowd and really take over the downtown club scene!* As irresistible as the offer was to the producer, he politely declined. The would-be Peter Pan had evidently forgotten that he and his superhip pals are now members of the same graying, thickening age cohort—35-to-49—as the producer and his circle of friends.

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Sturm und Drang und Partial Clearing by Midday

SPY Discovers an Alarming Meteorological Parable

On October 3—the day Berliners giddily celebrated the official reunification of their country and the return of an all-Germany Reichstag to their city—there developed in the Caribbean a tropical storm named Klaus, its curious moniker coming from a list of names drawn up by the United Nations World Meteorological Organization eleven years ago. Oblivious to the "burden of history" invoked by German president Richard von Weizsäcker in a solemn speech given 5,000 miles away, Klaus caused flash floods in the French *département* of Martinique, killing six people, then bombarded the British Commonwealth island nation Antigua and Barbuda, causing further damage. By October 5, Klaus had been upgraded to hurricane status by the U.S. National Hurricane Center, and a few days later a storm bearing an Italian name, Marco, began to assert itself in the region. On October 9, Klaus and Marco actually joined forces and moved in toward the American coast, gusting and spraying Florida's shores with Luftwaffe-like fury and causing coastal floods and beach erosion. But Klaus's terrible triumph was short-lived: not long after his assault on the United States, Klaus dissipated, never to be heard from again. —*David Kamp*



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"2. *All reflected light must be either a middle-toned color or a middle/dark color—never a very light color and never white.*

"3. *No painting will have a flat background. All figures must be given some form of halation, whether it be extreme white or red glows or a subtle atmospheric haze. Thin halos are out!!!...*

"4. *If the Idea Person has not indicated background treatment, then the painter must figure it out according to the above principles.*

"5. [*S*]*hadows should never appear incidental or like an afterthought. Make them strong and deliberate.*

"6. *Do not use green. (Even if Picasso used it.) The only exceptions are chartruese* [*sic*] *(yellow/green), but only as a deliberate acidic accent, and mint green.*

"7. *Keep orange and brown down to a bare minimum.*

"8. *Preferred Kostabi colors: black, white, red, blue, tourquoise* [*sic*]*, metallic gold, and in small doses: yellow, chartruese* [*sic*]*, purple.*"

Private Lives of Public Figures



Ronald Reagan celebrates his 80th birthday.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

What's in a Name?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

NEW YEAR'S EVE
YES, EVER ANEW

SUPER BOWL
BLOW PURSE

ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT
A TRIBAL RELIC OF CAIN'S

THE FEDERAL DEFICIT
FLEECED THRIFT IDEA

PERESTROIKA
PEAK RIOTERS

—*Andy Aaron*

THEY FOUGHT THE LAW, AND THE LAW WON: THE YEAR IN CRIMINAL SENTENCES

Sooner or later, experts say, chickens come home to roost. Leaving aside the question of why this means come-uppance (Why *shouldn't* chickens come home?), here, in our continuing effort to keep track of criminal behavior and the amount of chicken-roosting it engenders, is our Review of Criminal Sentences 1990, in descending order of severity.

John List, family killer: 5 life terms

William Underwood, Harlem heroin kingpin and former manager of music groups New Edition and Slave: life without parole

Richard Angelo, Long Island's "Angel of Death," ►

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"Dear *Penthouse*: I Never Thought I'd Be Writing for You..."

Helping Bret Easton Ellis Find a New Home

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

who was found guilty of fatally injecting elderly patients with Pavulon: 50 years to life

Angel Diaz, who with several accomplices murdered an Israeli man in the Bronx, then traveled by subway to Brooklyn to rob and rape the man's wife and teenage daughter: 38⅓ years to life

Joey Fama, the triggerman in the murder of Yusuf Hawkins in Bensonhurst: 32⅔ years to life

Woody Lemons, former chairman of a thrift in Texas whose collapse cost taxpayers $1.3 billion: 30 years

Donald Lowry, of Bettendorf, Iowa, leader of the Church of Love, through which he bilked 31,000 men out of $4.5 million with tales of Chonda-Za, a paradise inhabited by nude love angels: 27 years

Gregory Smith, a New Jersey man with AIDS convicted of attempting to murder a prison guard by biting him: 25 years

Ronald Longo, a diner employee from upstate New York who killed a man for complaining about his cheeseburger toppings: 20 years to life

Mark Putnam, an FBI agent who strangled an informer who was pregnant with his child: 16 years

Larry Mahoney, the drunken driver from Kentucky whose pickup collided with a school bus, killing 27 church-group members: 16 years

Sandra Amos, the Mrs. Filberts margarine heiress, who was convicted of trafficking in cocaine: 14 years and a $20,000 fine

Gregory Scroggins, a Georgia man with AIDS convicted of attempted murder after biting a police officer: 10 years

William Lozano, the Miami police officer whose killing of two unarmed blacks set off riots in Liberty City in 1988: 7 years

Antron McCray, Raymond Santana and **Yusef Salaam**, ►

By now we had expected *American Psycho*, Bret Easton Ellis's new novel depicting extravagant disemboweling and sadistic sexual violence, to be proudly wearing Simon & Schuster's colophon on its spine [see Books, December]. But at the last minute, Simon & Schuster chairman Richard Snyder announced that "it has been decided not to go forward with the publishing [of *American Psycho*]," calling the decision a "matter of taste." Confident as we were that the book Ellis describes as a "critique of eighties morals and mores" would quickly be snatched up by another publisher, we felt terrible about the reading public's having to wait even a few months for the insights of the spokesman for his generation.

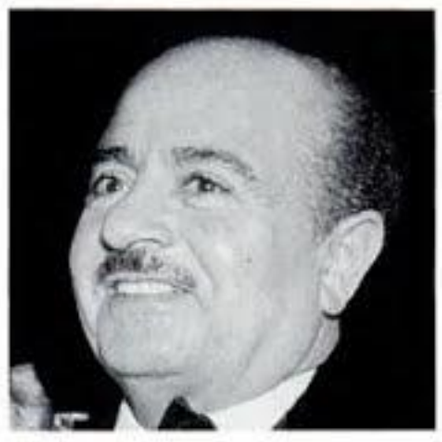
To right this wrong, we decided to lend Ellis a hand in placing his work. We sent a comparatively mild seven-page chunk of Ellis's manuscript—a passage in which the protagonist tortures a sex partner and then cuts her in half with a chain saw—to a number of magazine editors, proposing that they publish the section as a short story. To make sure the material would be judged objectively, we removed Ellis's name from the submission. And to stack the deck a little, we bypassed manifestly straitlaced publications and turned right to those periodicals where graphic writing about physical relations is routine. Here are the replies:

***Screw*:** "[Your piece] is not suitable for our magazine."
***Swank*:** "Your style and/or subject matter is not appropriate for publication in *Swank*."
***Gent*:** "Sorry we cannot use this material, but we appreciate your thinking of us."
***Turn-On Letters*:** "Too long."
Options, the [Canadian] ***Bi-Monthly*:** "Your story isn't hot...[is] too short...has too much heterosexual content [and] violates a Canadian taboo."
***Cavalier*:** "Sorry, this story is too short for us, for beginners....It's also too violent for our readership....This isn't really eroticism—it's horror fiction with brutal sexuality. I'm not sure there's a market for it—not in the men's magazines (too brutal) nor in the horror mags (too sexual). But, you write well!"

That last compliment made us wonder if we hadn't set our sights a bit too high. Therefore, we pseudonymously submitted the excerpt to Vantage Press and Carlton Press, two so-called vanity publishers. The first reply was discouraging: Vantage Press declined—that is, *even if Ellis had been willing to pay several thousand dollars to publish his novel, Vantage had no interest in taking his money.* Adding insult to injury, Vantage enclosed a brochure that assures writers that while the company is willing to publish controversial material, "controversy is not the same as...crackpotism.... Such material we emphatically reject." Our hopes dimmed, we opened the letter from Carlton Press dispiritedly. Pay dirt! "Our initial reaction is quite favorable and we think it merits publication," wrote Carlton, clearly a visionary publishing house staffed by inspired, risk-taking mavericks. "Do you have more material of this caliber so that we can consider publishing a book-length volume?" Unfortunately for Carlton, Vintage Books, an imprint of Random House and no relation to Vantage, snapped up the novel, and won't charge Ellis a cent.

—Josh Gillette

Separated at Birth?



Adnan Khashoggi...



and Cosmo Spacely of *The Jetsons*?



Valerie Bertinelli...



and Roseanne Barr?



Warren Beatty...



and Steven Tyler of Aerosmith?

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"KARPOV SUCKS! KARPOV SUCKS!"

The Sights, the Sounds, the Action at a World Championship Chess Match

Most of the fun of going to see the Mets at Shea Stadium or the Rangers at the Garden is being part of a big, boisterous crowd, shouting obscenities at the officials and hoisting a jumbo beer or two. Add to that the thrill of a pitching duel or the furious skatesmanship of pro hockey, and you have a pretty exciting way to spend an evening. The atmosphere was a little different at the Hotel Macklowe during the world-championship chess matches between Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov. Our report:

5:25 p.m.: The crowd: just like a high school chess club — nerdy, bespectacled, ill-dressed — but also fat and bald.

5:30 p.m.: Combatants enter. They sit. Huge, red, backlit cardboard chess pieces give stage the feel of a bad Broadway musical about chess.

5:41 p.m.: Lengthy pause precedes Move 8.

5:49 p.m.: Still Move 8. Headsets have been provided for commentary by two chess experts. Comment: "Well, let's see. . . . Kasparov's thinking."

6:00 p.m.: Audience of 200 stares silently.

6:04 p.m.: Concession stand offers chess-themed beverages (white Russians) and chess-themed sandwiches (the "Bishop": turkey, prosciutto, sun-dried tomatoes, arugula).

6:17 p.m.: Press room. Amiable Englishman Nigel Eddis ("I'm one of the main chess photog — really *the* main chess photographer in the U.S.") makes bold chess predictions ("There will be no swords sheathed early, I can tell you that").

7:14 p.m.: Move 13. Kasparov: B–d7.

7:33 p.m.: An usher explains, "Kasparov has a townhouse he usually stays in. But last Friday night, after he lost, he came back to the hotel raving and singing in the lobby. I guess he couldn't find the townhouse."

8:17 p.m.: Move 17. Kasparov: N–b7.

8:39 p.m.: Pause.

9:15 p.m.: Another usher, Michelle, a marketing major at Fordham, considers game a probable draw.

10:17 p.m.: Karpov blunders — B–d2.

10:22 p.m.: Draw. Michelle prescient. Crowd disperses quietly — no brawling. Plenty of taxis.

— Michael Krantz



SOMETHING WILD AT HEART

A Cutting-Edge-Auteur Scorecard



	LYNCH	BYRNE
First name David?	Yes	Yes
Attended art school?	Dropped out of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts after two years	Dropped out of Rhode Island School of Design after two years
Early fame with *head*	Late-1970s experimental film, *Eraserhead*	Late-1970s experimental band, Talking Heads
Continued fame with *man*	Auteured 1980s film *The Elephant Man*	Auteured 1980s song "Television Man"
Preoccupied with banal middle-class life and psycho killers?	Yes	Yes
Mainstream breakthrough	First TV series, *Twin Peaks*, a darkly satiric look at small-town life in Washington, close to the Canadian border	First feature film, *True Stories*, a darkly satiric look at small-town life in Texas, close to the Mexican border
Crossover project	Wrote lyrics for album (Julee Cruise)	Wrote music for ballet (Twyla Tharp's *Catherine Wheel*)
Last name describes grisly form of homicide?	Yes	Yes
Oddly named collaborator	Angelo Badalamenti	Brian Eno
Preferred attire	Big black suits, shirt buttoned up	Big white suits, shirt buttoned up
Material has been performed at BAM?	Yes	Yes
Has been on cover of *Time?*	Yes	Yes

— Martin Issameyer

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

convicted of raping the Central Park jogger: 6⅔ to 20 years

Arch Moore Jr., former governor of West Virginia, convicted of graft: 5 years and a $170,000 fine

Adela Holzer, a Broadway producer who claimed she was the wife of David Rockefeller and defrauded investors of $4 million: 4 to 8 years

Leona Helmsley, convicted of tax evasion: 4 years in prison, 3 years on probation, 750 hours of community service and a $7.152 million fine

Marilyn L. Harrell, "Robin HUD," convicted of theft of approximately $6 million in the HUD scandal: 46 months, plus $600,000 in restitution

Fran Trutt, an animal-rights advocate who planted a bomb near the car of an executive whose company experiments on dogs: 32 months

Leonard Spodek, the "Dracula landlord," who refused to repair his buildings: 2 years and an $11,000 fine

Marsha Cohen, a dentist and heroin addict convicted of burglary: 1½ to 4½ years

Lynette Harris, who posed nude in *Playboy* with her identical twin, and who was convicted of evading taxes on $686,000 given her by an octogenarian widower in exchange for companionship and sex: 1 year and a $12,500 fine

Margaret Ray, who claimed she was David Letterman's wife and broke into his home for the sixth time: 1 year

Viola Douglas, who stabbed her fiancé in the neck with a barbecue fork after he peremptorily switched channels to watch the Super Bowl: 10 months

Marion Barry, convicted of misdemeanor cocaine possession: 6 months

John Poindexter, the former national security adviser, convicted of lying to Congress about the Iran-contra affair: 6 months

Pete Rose, autograph- ►

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

signer-for-hire, convicted of filing false tax returns: 5 months and a $50,000 fine

Robert Freeman, former head of arbitrage at Goldman Sachs, convicted of insider trading: 1 year, all but 4 months suspended, and a $1-million fine

Peter Brant, hoity-toity publisher (*Interview*), convicted of tax evasion: 1 year, all but 90 days suspended

Martin Siegel, convicted of selling inside information to Ivan Boesky: 2 months

Kelsey Grammer, *Cheers*'s Dr. Crane, who violated the terms of a probation sentence resulting from a DWI violation: 30 days in jail and 10 picking up trash

The Reverend Al Sharpton, convicted of disorderly conduct during a "Day of Rage": 15 days

Yvesnand Bureau, Brooklyn's "Lady Goetz": 4 weekends in jail

Joseph Hazelwood, captain of the *Exxon Valdez*, convicted of one minor charge in the disaster: $50,000 in restitution and 1,000 hours' cleaning up

Vanessa Vadim, the 21-year-old daughter of Jane Fonda, arrested with her boyfriend, who was allegedly buying heroin: 3 days' community service

Aundray Bruce, Atlanta Falcons linebacker, who failed to perform the community-service sentence leveled after a disorderly-conduct conviction: 3 Saturdays' picking up trash on county highways

David and Ginger Twitchell, Christian Scientists who were convicted of manslaughter after refusing treatment for their two-year-old son, who died: 10 years' probation

Eugene Fodor, violinist, who pleaded guilty to breaking into a motel (heroin and cocaine charges were dropped): 3 years' probation

Matthew Barnwell, crack addict and Bronx school principal: 3 years' probation and community service

Richard Secord, Iran-contra ►

DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

January

4 The New York National Boat Show begins its ten-day run at the Javits Center. Tomorrow's *Wall Street Journal* has a front-page feature headlined "For Penobscot Bay Lobsterman, Corporate Backing Is the Lure," accompanied by a stipple drawing of a bearded rustic in an Evinrude cap.

11 "A Gershwin Celebration with Bobby Short"; Carnegie Hall. Coming soon: "A Connick Celebration with Michael Feinstein."

18 "American Kasten: The Dutch-Style Cupboards of New York and New Jersey 1650–1800"; Metropolitan Museum. Nicely turned out 38-year-olds take their children to see what life was like before IKEA.

February

1 *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimsuit issue hits the newsstands. Librarians at parochial schools draft letters to the editor containing the words *indecent*, *scantily clad* and *impressionable*; Marin County feminist groups call for the publishers' castration.

2 "Age in a virtuous person...carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth," said **Sir Richard Steele** of Jolly Olde England. And speaking of age, **Liz Smith** turns an incredible 68 today! Who knows how she manages to stay so full of "vim and vigor," but hot young numbers like **Madonna**, **Delta Burke** and **Kathleen Turner** should "take note" of her secrets for a long life: frozen hot chocolate at **Serendipity**, cabaret shows at **Rainbow & Stars** and chicken-fried steaks at **Yellow Rose Cafe**.

15 Fiftieth anniversary of Duke Ellington's first recording of "Take the A Train." Alas, budget constraints now



dictate that the uptown-express A make local stops during late-night hours, creating an invaluable metaphor opportunity for anyone writing liner notes to some future boxed-set Ellington anthology: "The Duke is gone now, and with him the Manhattan he made swing: the Savoy's been stomped, and even the A train isn't the seamless ride it used to be. But if you close your eyes and give these records a listen, you'll be cruisin' uptown on the express, livin' the lush life with your satin doll. Amen, and stay cool."

18 Washington's birthday (observed).

22 Washington's birthday (actual).

24 Abe Vigoda's birthday (actual and observed).

26 The final day of "Managing the Self," a businessmen's retreat sponsored by *The Economist*; North Horsham, England. Reticent British executives attempt U.S.-style stress-management techniques but learn only that elastic-trimmed socks are better for blood circulation than leg garters. ◑

THE SPY LIST

Johnny Carson
John Dean
Clark Gable
Jimi Hendrix
Ron Howard
Mick Jagger
Don Johnson
many other Gentiles
Johnny Mathis
Malcolm McDowell
Rudolf Nureyev
Elvis Presley
Burt Reynolds
Prince William



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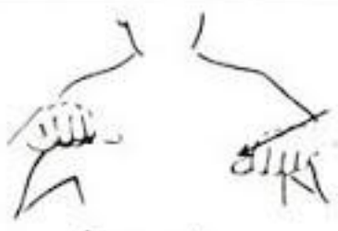
"Okay, Now, What's the Sign for *Debt*?"

Our Special Donald Trump Sign-Language Translation Guide

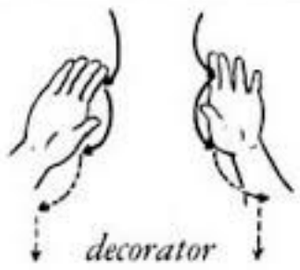
Over the years, SPY's critics have called us harsh, acerbic and somewhat unforgiving. But these are the nineties; we have listened to these criticisms, and we have realized that we need to turn over a new leaf. Today, we focus our attention on the needs of the hearing-impaired. Our aim is to offer our readers instruction in a few of the basic words of sign language, in the hope of strengthening the bonds of communication among *all* people. Here, then, are some basic words:



airplane



braggart



decorator



grab



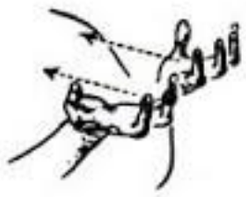
I



magician



milk



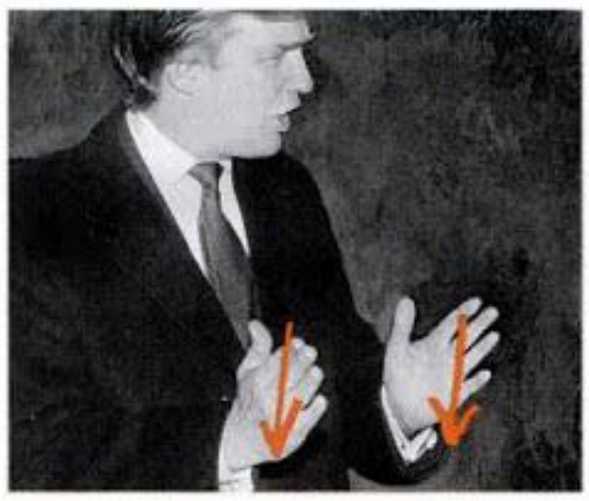
want



worthless

Now that you know some fundamentals, use these words to form sentences. Mix and match them as the situation demands, just as our instructor does in the photos below.







To William Norwich: [*My*] *decorator is a magician!*





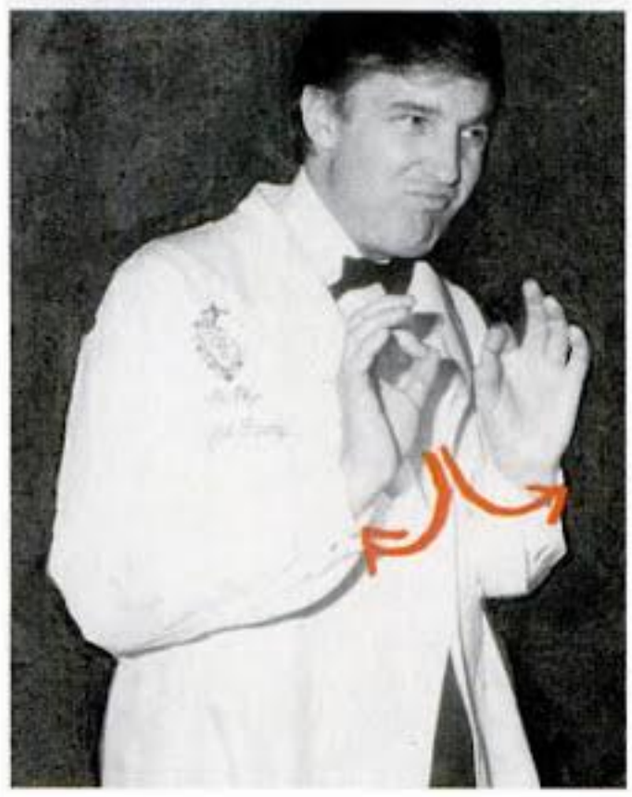




To a sexy woman: *I want to grab* [*you*] *and milk* [*you*].



In the best of all possible worlds: *I am a worthless braggart.*



To an IRS agent:
[*My*] *airplanes are worthless.*

—Henry Alford and Micaela Porta
Translations by David Berman

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WHERE HAVE ALL THE DOUGHNUTS GONE?

A SPY *White Paper Investigation Into a Major Contemporary Law-Enforcement Issue*

Picture a police officer. There's the badge, the peaked cap, the nightstick, the handcuffs, the smile, the stare that accompanies the affectless "Show's over." And the distended stomach, swollen from consuming doughnuts on the job.

So convinced were we of the truth of this doughnut-loving-cop image that we decided to hold a competition to discover the precinct that is, unofficially, the Doughnut-Eatin'est in New York. SPY operatives staked out six doughnut shops, each near a precinct house, during the prime doughnut-eating hours of 6:45 a.m. to 8:45 a.m. Their mission: count the number of doughnuts purchased, and crown a champion. The results? Surprising, to say the least.

During ten hours of surveillance, operatives witnessed the purchase of only one doughnut by a police officer. They saw fire fighters buying doughnuts, and cops buying bagels, and they saw a squad car slowly drive past a doughnut shop while the officers inside looked longingly at the contents of the window. But that was it. Shocked, SPY contacted experts for their reaction.

"Cops are eating healthier foods," explained Detective Joseph McConville, spokesperson for New York Police Commissioner Lee Brown. "Myself, in lieu of a doughnut I have a bran muffin." Al O'Leary, spokesperson for the Transit Police, agreed with McConville, saying, "I can tell you, from the point of physical well-being—although it will be belied by a small segment of us who may be overweight—[we at] the Transit Police are very health-conscious."

Other, more surprised experts greeted the mere mention of doughnuts with something akin to the nostalgic reverie that a madeleine set off in Proust. Gerald Arenberg, executive director of the National Association of Chiefs of Police in Miami, was astonished by our findings. "I would say on a [doughnut-eating] scale of 1 to 10, [cops] probably rank somewhere around a 10½," he said. "The problem I find with jellies or the other kind that ooze out is that they drip over your uniform. Unfortunately, now I'm a diabetic, so I've stopped [doughnutting], but [my favorite had been a] chocolate doughnut. You start out [on the force] with a 32 waist; [now] I got at least a 44. It's just doughnuts are a comfortable treat, and you're able to gulp them down. If there's suddenly a call on your radio, you can toss them aside." And Frank Rizzo, the bellicose former mayor and police chief of Philadelphia, practically gushed as he discussed the days when cops ate doughnuts and got respect. "Let me tell you that when I was a cop—even though I had my breakfast at home—there was nothing I liked more than *a big, thick doughnut and a cup of coffee*! You got out there, walked around, rolled in the streets with criminals [and burned] the calories off."

—David Bourgeois and Josh Gillette

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

plotter convicted of lying to Congress: 2 years' probation

"AND OF COURSE, MR. MAYOR, NOTHING WILL ENHANCE YOUR IMAGE MORE THAN COZYING UP TO THE REAL ESTATE BOARD OF NEW YORK"

Every mayoral administration seems to generate its own catchphrase. During the Lindsay era it was *Fun City*. During the Koch years it was *How'm I doin'?* Now, barely a quarter of the way through its (dare we say?) first term, comes the current administration's tag line: *Poor Dave Dinkins*. And, as though crime and fiscal and labor crises weren't trouble enough, the mayor has selected as a PR adviser Howard Rubenstein, an image consultant so sensitive to public appearances that he has allowed his own employment (and, perforce, the mayor's profound weakness) to be trumpeted on the cover of the *New York Post* (also a client of Rubenstein's). Given this flack's knack for convenient confluences of interest, it's worth noting that while Rubenstein is advising Dinkins, he has also officially registered with the city clerk as a lobbyist for nearly 30 businesses and organizations. Among them are many that have contracts with the city or that have had or could have dealings with it over zoning or taxes. As the city does business in the months ahead, one may wish to refer to the following list—and how those on it are faring before city agencies and boards—as a barometer of Rubenstein's influence: the Associated Builders and Owners of Greater New York, Carey Transportation, Gannett Transit, Glick Development Affiliates, News America Publishing, the Real Estate Board of New York, the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, the Zeckendorf Company and Capital Cities/ABC.

"HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN AN OFAY WORLD!"



"I really thought he was stealing a line from Spike Lee in an 'I'm going to get you, sucker' strategy"—former colonel Harry Summers, on the Air Force chief of staff's predictions of massive U.S. bombings of Iraq, referring to the Keenen Ivory Wayans film *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*

"As Spike Jones says, you have to do the right thing"—New York State Assembly Speaker Mel Miller, trying to comment on the Korean-deli boycott in Brooklyn

EDITING AN OFAY MAGAZINE IS THE BEST REVENGE

Number of times Spike Lee's name is mentioned in the October *Spin*, which he guest-edited: 43
Number of times his sister, Joie, is mentioned: 16
Number of times his father, Bill, is mentioned: 3
Number of times his brother Cinque is mentioned: 1
Number of times *Mo' Better Blues* is mentioned: 12
Number of times *Do the Right Thing* is mentioned: 9
Number of times *She's Gotta Have It* is mentioned: 9
Number of times *School Daze* is mentioned: 9
Number of times *Jungle Fever* is mentioned: 1
Number of visual representations of Spike Lee: 8

—Luanne Parker

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It's Only Bedford Falls (but I Like It)

Our Holiday Guide to Rock 'n' Roll Hepness

The holidays...and our thoughts turn to holiday music. Sort of. There's already a downtown New York band called Zuzu's Petals; we thought we'd save the rest of America's musically inclined youth the trouble of cannibalizing *It's a Wonderful Life* for band names. And, for good measure, we named their first singles.

Band: Hard-Skulled Characters
Single: "Miserable Failures Like You"
B Side: "You're Not Paid (To Be a Canary)"

Band: Discontented Lazy Rabble
Single: "No More We Live Like Pigs"

Band: Money-Grubbing Buzzards
Single: "I Don't Want Any Plastics"
B Side: "Papa Dollar and Mama Dollar"

Band: Warped, Frustrated Young Men
Single: "You Can't Hide in a Little Town Like This"
B Side: "A Pox Upon Me (For a Clumsy Lout)"

Band: Silly, Stupid, Careless People
Single: "Why Must You Torture the Children"

Band: Scurvy Little Spiders
Single: "Your Money's in Joe's House"

Band: Sentimental Hogwash
Single: "Don't Hurt My Sore Ear Again"
B Side: "I'm the Answer to Your Prayer"

Band: Flaming Rum Punch
Single: "(I Feel) Like a Bootlegger's Wife"

Band: The Old Granville House
Single: "He's Making Violent Love to Me, Mother"

Band: Two Pixies
Single: "(She's Just About To) Close Up the Library"
B Side: "This Is a Pickle"

Band: Men of High Ideals
Single: "I'm All Right, I'm All Right"
B Side: "Busted the Jukebox"

Band: Bedford Two-Four-Seven
Single: "Hee Haw and Merry Christmas"
B Side: "Happy New Year — in Jail"

— Michael Hainey

Dr. Hannibal Lecter.
Brilliant. Cunning. Psychotic.
In his mind lies the clue
to a ruthless killer.

THE WEBS



Roone



Diane



Rick

WORKING GIRL: WHY SAWYER HAS MET HER MATCH AT *PRIMETIME LIVE*

Before ABC's *PrimeTime Live* hit the airwaves last season, insiders at the network touted the Diane Sawyer–Sam Donaldson pairing as Miss Priss vs. the Terminator. But while Donaldson is a bullyboy on the air, the real ogres at *PrimeTime Live* have turned out to be Sawyer herself and the show's executive producer, Rick Kaplan. These two are on a collision course.

Sawyer's career has been marked by an unflagging ability to fail upward. Being a press aide in the Nixon White House or nuzzling Larry Tisch's ear in public might be enough to destroy any other journalist's credibility, but the former America's Junior Miss survived both (and a fondling by the late Bill Paley) without so much as a blemish. Indeed, she has a reputation for skill and intelligence, though no one points to many scoops or memorable interviews on her résumé. The real secrets of her rise have been these: In failure, find a scapegoat — and better yet, ensure success by flirting relentlessly with important men.

Back in 1983, when she was on *The CBS Morning News* and the show was a ratings disaster, Sawyer ran to management and unfairly blamed her executive producers — first George Merlis, then Bob Ferrante. Their careers wobbled while Sawyer's reputation only grew. Her eventual ticket off the doomed morning show was Don Hewitt, executive producer of the news division's cash cow, *60 Minutes*. Hewitt would frequent the *Morning News* set and, in the words of one former staffer, stare at Sawyer "like a dog stares at a piece of meat." In kind, Sawyer once responded to his presence by turning what was supposed to be a blithe human-interest piece on the congressional campaign of Nancy Kulp, the woman who played Miss Hathaway on *The Beverly Hillbillies*, into an inappropriate hatchet job. Sawyer ravaged her nonplussed guest — thus demonstrating to Hewitt that she could hold her own with Mike Wallace. Sawyer soon tired of Hewitt, however, and began a series of long lunches with ABC News president Roone Arledge, which culminated in her jumping networks for her very own star vehicle.

Now, as the occasionally interesting *PrimeTime Live* continues to hover near the bottom of the ratings — it typically ranks 66th out of 101 shows — executive producer Kaplan looms as Sawyer's next fall guy. But he is no patsy. Aside from his hulking physical presence, the 40-ish producer shares Sawyer's penchant for blaming others when broadcasts fail to measure up. For instance, during the October 1989 San Francisco earthquake, Kaplan deployed his *PT Live* shock troops to set up a segment for a show airing two days after the Tuesday-night quake. Needless to say, broadcasting live is complicated enough; broadcasting live from a national disaster area is almost impossible. When a slight technical problem arose during the broadcast — a mistake that viewers didn't even notice — Kaplan, watching from New York, lost his cool. Within minutes the phone of producer David Doss was ringing in San Francisco. When Doss (who had scrapped a vacation with his ailing wife to do the broadcast) picked up the phone, everyone in the vicinity overheard Kaplan's tirade. "I wish you were dead!" the excitable executive producer screamed. In TV news this sort of behavior often passes for leadership.

"I wish you were dead!" the excitable executive producer screamed

Kaplan's compassion extends to man-made disasters as well. In 1989 his Christmas holiday was put on hold so that *PT Live* could broadcast from the Panamanian war zone. When staffers disappeared in country, a decent fellow might have worked the phones trying to locate his MIAs. Not Kaplan — he left the offices and requisitioned the Capital Cities jet so as to salvage the remainder of his vacation.

Prior to *PT Live*, Kaplan was the executive producer of *Nightline*, where he measured the success of his broadcasts by what he called the Fingerman Poll, named for his neighbor in New Jersey, one Mrs. Fingerman. Kaplan would call the woman — his pipeline to Mr. and Mrs. America — and ask her for a thumbs-up or -down on the morning following a broadcast. To Kaplan this was no joke, and his *Nightline* staff drew little comfort from knowing their professional fate lay in such hands.

At *PT Live*, Kaplan's populist instincts do not sit well with Sawyer, a former Wellesley girl who would rather interview William Styron than Marla Maples. Now that Sam Donaldson co-anchors the show from Washington, happier with realpolitik than the backstage sort, Sawyer has no one left to tangle with but Kaplan. She has overruled his attempts to cut her tiresome ten-minute segments to a more watchable length, and he has already thwarted one full-bore coup attempt. But the eventual outcome is clear. You can move producers, the thinking goes, but you can only tarnish stars — especially those costing the network more than $2 million a year, and extra-especially those who have Roone Arledge wrapped around their little finger.

— Laureen Hobbs

Illustrations by Barry Blitt

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The Baby Watch Never Stops

The Latest from Connie and Maury

"[*My husband Maury Povich and I*] *are taking a very aggressive approach to having a baby*"—Connie Chung, in "I Want to Have a Baby," the *People* cover story of August 20, 1990

Week 1: We call CBS. "Has Chung conceived?" we inquire. Chung's assistant playfully pushes telephone buttons and says, "Do you like my song? We have no comment. Thank you for calling."

Week 2: "I have no idea [what measures they're taking]," a spokesperson says. "Let's put it this way: I'm sure they're trying all the latest methods." We discover that the Poviches have gone on vacation.

Week 3: "Are Connie and Maury doing it?" we ask delicately. "We're not commenting on that now" is the reply.

Week 4: "Are you going to call me every week until the end of the millennium?"

Week 5: No news. "Is Chung spending all of her time, you know, around the apartment?" we wonder. "No comment," says the spokesperson. "She's in New York working. This is her own personal business."

Week 6: The *New York Post* reports that no conception has yet occurred. "Is she making efforts to look more, you know, attractive?" we ask CBS. "She's always beautiful to me," says a spokesperson.

—*Aimée Bell*

Attention Studio Publicists



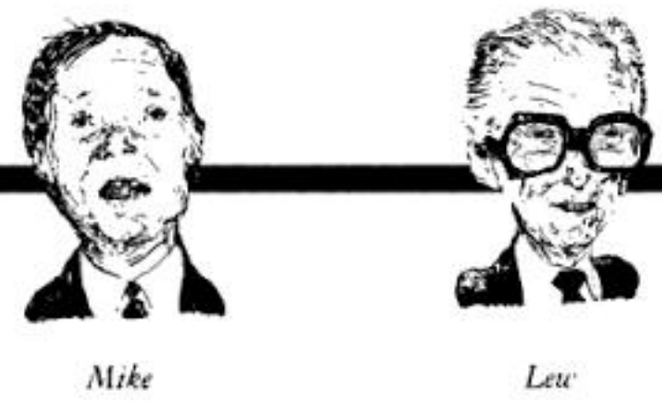
SPY continues to tally the flood of referendum ballots that readers have sent in to determine Walter Monheit™'s professional fate. We will publish the results next month. Mr. Monheit's suspension from active movie-blurbing continues for the duration of the tally period.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter.
Brilliant. Cunning. Psychotic.
In his mind lies the clue
to a ruthless killer.

Clarice Starling, F.B.I.
Brilliant. Vulnerable. Alone.
She must trust him
to stop the killer.

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THE INDUSTRY



Mike *Lew*

OVITZ CHRONICLES PART XXII — AKIO TO MIKE: "PHONE HOME"

The Man Who Would Be King: Subtly but surely, Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz draws his agenting career to a close, his ten-percenter's bloodlust softened by a middle-aged desire to run a movie studio officially and thereby serve a more authoritative, dignified function in the creative food chain. No pronouncement has yet been handed down by Creative Artists Agency, but then, the Kremlin was less than forthcoming when Leonid Brezhnev left office in 1982.

What we do know (about Ovitz, not Brezhnev) is that he has relinquished many of his day-to-day responsibilities at the agency. He now rarely attends CAA's daily staff meetings. Queries regarding his pet clients — Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, even best pal Barry Levinson — are more often than not referred to Rosalie Swedlin, one of Ovitz's feared and respected deputies. The evidence points emphatically to the conclusion that Ovitz is readying himself for a new job, and the conventional wisdom has him out of CAA within a year.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

First of all, it's not entirely clear where Mike is headed. The long-held assumption, of course, is that Ovitz will step into MCA/Universal chairman Lew "the Legend" Wasserman's loafers now that the studio has completed its deal with Matsushita, since he was advising and even representing the Japanese in their negotiations with MCA. It is further presumed that CAA's copresident of motion pictures Jack Rapke will follow his boss to MCA and take over Sid Sheinberg's job as studio head. Rapke already enjoys something of a pupil-mentor relationship with Ovitz, along the lines of the one Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg has with Michael Eisner at Disney. In fact, it's fair to speculate that the reason Rapke didn't leave CAA years ago to start his own talent agency, or accept any of the attractive studio jobs offered him, is that Ovitz promised him a Katzenbergesque role in a grander, more power-amassing scheme.

The speculation about Rapke is further encouraged by the fast-disintegrating goodwill between Sheinberg and Wasserman, servant and master for almost two decades. But the Wasserman-Sheinberg rift doesn't make the Ovitz-Rapke ascension a done deal. The wild card here is David Geffen. In 1989, MCA bought Geffen Records in an equity-for-stock swap that left Geffen as a major shareholder in MCA. Geffen has told intimates that "there is no way in the world" he would work for Ovitz, much less approve him as chairman of his company.

There is another twist in the Matsushita buyout of MCA: many are wondering just how serious Wasserman really was about acquiring a new partner. As a savvy businessman, Wasserman knew that even partial Japanese ownership of *E.T.*, Bruce the Shark and Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment would prompt another wave of protectionist outcry. But with Robert Strauss, Jody Powell, Albert Gore Jr. and Bill Bradley as his Washington mouthpieces, that may prove not to be a problem. He was also aware of Geffen's contempt for Ovitz — a contempt that has been dulled by a putative reconciliation. Wouldn't you turn the other cheek in exchange for $720 million (which is what Geffen's MCA stock is now worth)? What Wasserman really wanted was to inflate the price of MCA stock, which sank as low as $34 a share earlier this year. As recently as November, Matsushita was offering $70 a share; Wasserman was looking for $100, and yet MCA's stock was hovering in the mid-50s. If investors then believed that Wasserman really wanted to sell, wouldn't the share price have been higher? In other words, did the whole thing start off as a stock-price-goosing ruse?

Geffen told intimates "there is no way in the world" he would work for Ovitz

A year ago Ovitz was said to have considered the top job at Sony/Columbia, the one that went to Peter Guber and Jon Peters. Ovitz turned the post down because he realized he had more power at CAA. But there was an even heftier bit of rationale for Ovitz's decision: he knew that the real power would still rest in the hands of the man who initiated the deal — Walter Yetnikoff, the erratic head of CBS/Columbia Records.

Well...Yetnikoff is gone, collapsed under the weight of his own personality (and an unfortunate, sexuality-related comment about Geffen), and the quasi-Yetnikoffian Jon Peters has been all but exiled from Columbia, his three remaining responsibilities being (1) producing a New Kids on the Block movie; (2) investigating the possibility of building a Columbia Pictures theme park in an L.A. suburb; and (3) keeping his name out of the papers.

All of which explains why I wouldn't be surprised if Ovitz and Rapke ended up at Columbia after all. (At least there Ovitz would be able to get stock options. Matsushita, on the other hand, is privately held.) Then, at least ex-Marine Ron "Agent Meyer" Meyer would finally be able to realize *his* dream of becoming the *Über*chief of CAA.

See you Monday night at Mortons.

— Celia Brady

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jodie foster / anthony hopkins / scott glenn

the silence of the lambs

from the terrifying best seller

a jonathan demme picture / jodie foster / anthony hopkins / scott glenn / "the silence of the lambs" / ted levine / music by howard shore / production designer kristi zea / director of photography tak fujimoto / edited by craig mckay, a.c.e. / executive producer gary goetzman / based upon the novel by thomas harris / screenplay by ted tally / produced by kenneth utt edward saxon and ron bozman / directed by jonathan demme

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Stereo DOLBY STEREO SR

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February 14, 1991

THE TIMES



Frank



Paul

The longtime friendship between architecture critic turned culture editor Paul Goldberger and Frank "the Butcher of Broadway" Rich lies in shambles, the casualty of an unfortunate chain of events involving Goldberger's job promotion, Rich's main squeeze, Arthur Gelb's ego and David Merrick's latest musical.

It all began when Rich padded into the Richard Rodgers Theater to review *Oh, Kay!*, Merrick's revival of the old Gershwin musical. The show received generally good notices from other New York critics, but Rich wrote up his usual smart pan, employing characteristic hauteur and gleeful putdowns ("...likely to leave more than a few theatergoers shrugging their shoulders and asking, 'Didn't I doze through that a couple of summers ago in a barn?'"). One page away from Rich's damning review, Alex Witchel's "On Stage, and Off" column carried an item about a discontented member of *Oh, Kay!*'s cast who had critical words for Merrick.

It was just the sort of frustrating one-two punch the theater community was coming to expect and fear from Rich and Witchel. Broadway had hoped that when the *Times* hired a new theater reporter, he or she would provide a respite from Rich's acidity, or at least a slightly less rigorous regard for the art form—*it's only show business, after all.* Instead they got Witchel, late of *Elle*, *7 Days* and *Mirabella*, a woman whose high-handedness and tetchiness are already legend in the third-floor newsroom, a woman who is—*aieee!*—the human being by whose side Frank Rich sleeps most nights.

For 78-year-old David Merrick, the *Oh, Kay!* double whammy from the theater-crit Ceauşescus was occasion to attempt an impish shot across the *Times*'s bow. But first he fired off an outraged missive to publisher Punch Sulzberger pointing out that Witchel "whispered to Mr. Rich [and giggled] throughout the performance. At one point...the woman sitting in front of them had to turn around to hush them." Merrick then placed a retaliatory advertisement to run in Monday's arts pages. The ad featured a giant heart framing two anti-Merrick quotations, one from each article, and above the heart read the declaration AT LAST, PEOPLE ARE HOLDING HANDS IN THE THEATRE AGAIN!

Paul Goldberger, who just a few weeks earlier had been appointed the paper's culture czar—in charge of Arts & Leisure, Weekend and the daily arts coverage, the first *Times* culture editor since Gelb to have such broad power—spotted Merrick's ad Sunday evening. Distressed by the ad's personal bent, he nevertheless understood that executive editor Max Frankel had signed off on it. Still, Goldberger decided to call Rich at 10:15 that night and left word of the ad on his answering machine.

Rich called back a few minutes later and is said to have showered Goldberger with a broad range of expletives and accusations of betrayal. Rich immediately telephoned the semiretired Gelb, now the do-nothing chairman of the New York Times Company Foundation, to complain about his plight. In Rich's whinings, the aging, still-power-mad Gelb saw an opportunity to reinstate himself as a player in the *Times*'s senior-level politics. Jealous of the 40-year-old Goldberger's ascent to his vacated position of power, Gelb sought to maximize the friction between Rich and the new culture czar, assuring the theater critic that no such humiliation would have arisen if *he*, Gelb, were still running things. Goldberger, meanwhile, turned to assistant managing editor Al Siegal, who discovered that the ad had not been properly vetted by the advertising-acceptability department and managed to get it killed.

Despite Goldberger's eleventh-hour efforts on Rich's behalf, the Merrick ad made it into an early edition of Monday's *Times*, prompting Rich to declare himself an enemy of Goldberger's. In the newsroom a few days later, Witchel screamed at Goldberger that he wasn't *her* editor—that honor belonged to John Montorio, the new Weekend editor. Goldberger was thus required to write Witchel a note explaining that since Montorio reports to him, Witchel must do so as well.

The deeper unpleasantness of the debacle is that Goldberger and Rich had been more than in-the-trenches officemates. Goldberger had been a virtual second father to Rich's children since Rich's divorce, and Rich himself had spent many holidays with Goldberger and his family.

Gelb sought to maximize friction between Rich and the new culture czar

Rich told the friends who lined up on his side at the *Times* that henceforth he would have nothing to do with Goldberger, his boss, and little to do with the *Times*—that he would simply attend plays, turn in his copy and otherwise avoid West 43rd Street. His ire has been fortified by regular calls from his old boss Gelb, who as SPY went to press had wedged himself into a dinner Rich and managing editor Joseph Lelyveld were having as a first step toward ending the war between the paper's theater critic and his old friend turned new boss. —*J. J. Hunsecker*

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Q: What Do You Get When You Cross Grace Kelly With Nancy Reagan and Imelda Marcos?

A: A Beautiful Shrew With a Goofy Husband, Famous Friends and a Nation That Hates Her

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

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Snow White and the Sovereign Dwarf

THE INSIDE STORY OF JORDAN'S ALL-AMERICAN QUEEN—MRS. KING HUSSEIN—DURING THE COUNTDOWN TO WAR AND EXILE

"MY LIFE NOW REALLY CONTAINS . . . ALL THE ELEments that I had ever set out as being desirable for the way I wanted to lead my life," Lisa Halaby told the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1985, after seven years of her element-filled, desirably led life as Queen Noor al-Hussein of Jordan. Her basic story is familiar. In 1978, after what has been portrayed as a whirlwind six-week courtship, she married itsy-bitsy King Hussein, the longest-reigning monarch in the Arab world. She was 26; he was 42, marrying for the fourth time and already the father of eight. She was American, Washington- and Fifth Avenue–raised, Princeton-educated and (everywhere but in official portraits) taller by a head; he was . . . well, he *was* the longest-reigning monarch in the Arab world. Together they were Grace and Rainier for the eighties. It was—that's right—a Fairy-tale Romance.

At this juncture it is customary to wail, *LISA—WHAT WENT WRONG?* And, if your lungs are good, maybe to follow up with *How did a perfectly nice young American woman come to find herself an unpopular, unhappy queen in a shaky desert monarchy . . . and with a highly affected new regal manner, to boot?*

Regular official insistence to the contrary, Lisa Halaby has not had an entirely easy time of it as the queen of Jordan.

The only palace in the world where the queen stands a head taller than her husband: left, the former Lisa Halaby; right, her tiny husband

by Harriet Barovick

WITH ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY AIMÉE BELL

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Jordan. She has no official role. "I don't know what to do any better than you," King Hussein told her when they were married. "Just be yourself." So, although she rushes to admit she is not a "policy person" and is generally excluded—to her dismay—from formal meetings of the king and his advisers, the queen has pointed out, "I have my own office [and] most of what I've done has been rather revolutionary, as far as someone in my position." That occasionally includes officially disavowing her past. "I never felt American when I married," she told *People* in 1980. "It's not that I'm rejecting America, but...I felt from the start I belonged here."

By most accounts there is real affection between the couple. Still, Noor is wife No. 4—and, some rumors have suggested, merely part of a continuing series. The king has a well-known affection for young, attractive women and has made no great secret of his passions. Before he had divorced his second wife, he was wooing his third. Not long ago he was smitten by the TV journalist Kathleen Sullivan, who coyly referred to the episode on *The Tonight Show*, although without naming Hussein. Most recently, the king is said to have fallen for a 23-year-old Palestinian-American living in Jordan; the young woman is said to have been shipped off to the U.S. (Intriguingly, when SPY contacted the Jordan Information Bureau's press office in Washington, a female press officer with the same name as this supposed object of the king's affections became hostile.) Queen Noor has acknowledged, albeit in an entirely different context, her husband's great appreciation of "the capabilities of women." They have had two sons and two daughters together, although as half-Americans the boys are unlikely heirs to the throne. The king is said to have lobbied during the last couple of years for a fifth child, an idea Noor has apparently resisted. And when the notion of possible separation came up, according to one account, Hussein threatened her with a more or less permanent estrangement from their children. (Hussein divorced his first wife when their daughter was an infant, and mother and child were kept apart until the girl was seven.)

She's King Hussein's fourth wife, and she may not be his last,

And now, as her husband, ever the appeaser, has taken the wrong side in the Persian Gulf prewar maneuvering, his Yankee baby-boomer wife finds herself in an awkward position: Jordanians resent her, in part because she is a high-handed American, and Americans are coming to dislike her because she is a haughty anti-American mouthpiece.

Despite a grasp of policy no one calls acute, during the current crisis Noor seems to be fulfilling her not-well-disguised ambitions to be an important player and actually wielding some significant, Nancy Reagan–esque influence over the tiny king. She has been the conduit, via faxed groveling notes from New York and Washington, for various big-time U.S. journalists seeking an audience with Iraq's Saddam Hussein. Ted Koppel had a three-hour dinner with Noor and King Hussein en route to Baghdad, and according to another well-known reporter who recently spent time with the royal couple in Amman, Noor did nearly all the talking. At one lunch with Westerners, she passed the king several notes during the meal, one of which said, "Stop smoking so much." At the same time, her public presence in Jordan has been toned down in response to the crisis. For a month after the invasion, she was invisible—reportedly sent out of the country more than once by the nervous king. Whatever happens in the Gulf, though, Noor is probably now on a precarious perch—win or lose, the U.S. and its Arab allies are unlikely to prevent the overthrow of the quisling King Hussein. "She may have wanted to be Nancy Reagan," says a veteran Middle East reporter, "but it hasn't worked out that way."

THERE HAVE BEEN DIFFICULTIES FROM THE BEGINNING.

She purports to be an Arab through and through (her paternal grandfather was from Syria; she converted to Islam; she is, after all, *queen of Jordan*), but Noor is basically the all-American yuppie, the girl next door—only next door happens to be a palace in Amman. She has no natural constituency in

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LEFT TO RIGHT: IN HER Princeton days, Lisa was both a *Big Chill*–ish commune-dweller (*bottom row, center*) and a peppy cheerleader; now she's a shopaholic with an exile-ready Vienna cottage.

but she is, according to her father, American-born businessman Najeeb "Jeeb" Halaby, "the utmost—a queen in every respect." (And as Jeeb told SPY, "I'm a very critical father.") Well, certainly in some respects: she quickly became master of the banality that seems to afflict royals whenever a public utterance is required. For instance, in 1980, on her first return trip: "[Washington] looks very green, especially coming from a more parched environment." And despite protests to the contrary, Noor and her frantic handlers have an overweeningly monarchical regard for the press, seeking to exercise strict control over her coverage. One journalist who had gone through an extensive screening process was surprised to find the queen carefully demanding that a reference to her "streaked hair" be deleted from the story. Accuracy on the couple's respective heights has been another key concern. One American editor trying not long ago to prepare an uncritical profile of the queen says he was interminably harassed from Amman and Washington by "a stream of faxes." "The tone of all the communications," he says, "became really shrill and threatening. And it was basically going to be a puff piece anyway." The photographer for the story, based in London, was persuaded by Jordanian government agents to give over his film. For a *Vanity Fair* profile written in November, Noor claimed she had been promised the right to approve her quotes and raised a ruckus when the magazine declined to let her. "The press [in Jordan] is free," Noor told one American visitor only three years after becoming queen, "except the government steps in when there are distortions of truth."

Queen Noor has said that one of her key goals is to "be able to integrate into any environment." Judging from scores of interviews conducted for this article with people who have watched her in action both before and since her ascension, inside the palace and out, she has integrated but still doesn't quite fit in.

"SHE WAS A LITTLE SPACEY. IT TOOK THE JOB OF QUEEN TO get her to commit"—*an old Princeton boyfriend*

Lisa Halaby was born in 1951 in Washington and raised there and in New York. She was sent to boarding school (Concord Academy, near Boston), where she was evidently a loner—private, guarded, the one who (at one party) would not go skinny-dipping when everyone else did.

Her first glancing fame was as a member of Princeton's first class of undergraduate women, starting school in the fall of 1969. She was, by most accounts, a friendly, perky, outdoorsy, preppy, not exceptionally bright girl. People say she gave the impression that she was meant for bigger things. "We all felt even then that she had some sort of aspirations of grandeur," an old friend says. Her senior-year boyfriend, Pat Patterson, remembers her as "directed." One friend was impressed by her "risk taking." But her direction was, typically for her age and class and era, unspecific—she simply wanted to be a person of substance—and her risk-taking experiments with independence tended to fall well within very safe bounds (in 1971 she took a year off to study photography and work as a waitress in Aspen, a family vacation spot). She lived commune-style for a time in a house off campus with seven friends, one of whom, Huntley Stone, describes her as "very controlled"—congenial but remote, and difficult to get to know. She was either weirdly well rounded or confused: this early-seventies communard also took up cheerleading, then abandoned it after four football games. She graduated in 1974 without honors. Her B.A. in architecture made it possible for her to be misrepresented, in the years that followed, as an architect. (In a partly unpublished 1981 interview with journalists Carl Glassman and April Koral, the queen referred to architecture as "my profession.")

After graduation she tried unsuccessfully to get into radio journalism, at National Public Radio and several other networks. Instead, after a couple of years at various jobs overseas, she took a position in the Middle East with an organization called Arabair Services. She said she was "instinctively" drawn to the region. Also, her father, in conjunction with the Jordanian government, owned the company.

Halaby arrived in Jordan with Dad in late 1976. Jeeb Halaby was involved in importing Western technology to the Middle East and was working in particular on design for the Jordanian state airline, then called ALIA. "I never could figure out exactly what her job was," a friend of Lisa's said to *The Washington Post* about her position with the company in Amman. "But she was always running off to meetings with important people." Shortly thereafter, she became head of the design department for ALIA. Unable to find a suitable apartment in Amman, she was forced to stay at the Intercontinental Hotel—part of a hotel group run by a family friend, Paul Sheeline.

NOOR HAS TAKEN TO THE ISRAEL-BASHING PARTS OF THE JOB WITH SPECIAL RELISH

"Something in me just felt it belonged [there]," she said years later, referring not to the Intercontinental but to Jordan in general. "One of the reasons I remained is, Jordan is a very dynamic community in transition—[being there is] far more exciting than living and working in an environment where people feel they've found all the answers."

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By 1978, however, Jordan's king and Lisa Halaby, B.A., would find some of the answers.

Lisa's father, whom she adores, and who had requested her presence abroad, was the link between King Hussein and the future Queen Noor. Jeeb and Hussein were old friends and business associates as well as fellow aviation nuts, and Lisa first met the king soon after her arrival. As Jeeb innocently describes it now, "I was there [doing business at the airport] with the president of the airline, and [Hussein] saw this very handsome working architect and came over, and we introduced them, and..." The rest is history? "Yes!" In February 1977, Hussein's third wife, Alia, a popular queen of Palestinian descent (Jordan's population is 60 percent Palestinian), was killed in a helicopter crash. It's uncertain precisely where Lisa and the king first hit it off—and when. But they began their "whirlwind six-week courtship." Or their neat merger, depending on how you look at it.

"IT IS AWESOME," NOOR HAS GUSHED ABOUT HERSELF. "JUST THE CONCEPT, THE TITLE—*THE QUEEN!*"

It was, in any event, a good time for Hussein to marry an American, and if there was any doubt about the "fairy tale," the king offered clarification: "It's not a sudden development or an emotional one," he said in 1978 to *The New York Times*. "But more than that, it's...logical." Long disparaged as a craven, principle-free survivor, the George Bush of Middle Eastern monarchs, Hussein had just seen his $750,000 annual retainer from the CIA cut off by Jimmy Carter. And there was always the lure of the Western savvy his new association might provide. Plus, there was his lifelong weakness for pretty young women.

For their wedding there were no parades in Amman, no festivity apart from a few posters hung in shop windows. The locals' lack of enthusiasm seems to have echoed the bridegroom's. Describing the honeymoon to a reporter, Hussein rhapsodized, "The reason I chose Scotland was because I'd been there before....This time the weather let us down [but] we went fishing once, and I caught a salmon."

Lisa struggled through her first press conference as Queen Noor. Hussein had publicly estimated his bride's command of Arabic at 85 percent, though in fact, when a reporter asked her to say just one word, she looked baffled. Facing reporters, she said, in English, "My language is—makes me unable to communicate. I cannot answer your question right now." But she *belonged* here! Yes, it *would* be far more exciting than living someplace where people feel they've found all the answers.



BY MANY ACCOUNTS, the new Queen Noor was, for a year or two, as unaffected as she had been at home. When she burst into tears after giving an early public speech in Arabic, the Jordanian public was charmed. (She is now fluent.)

A few months after the royal wedding, Queen Noor reflected on her new life. "It is awesome," she exclaimed to *Maclean's*. "Just the concept, the title—*the queen!*"

And then the former Lisa Halaby set about becoming royal.

The change was clear after the birth of her first child. She insisted on being called Your Majesty—a habit that prompted one well-known visitor to squirm: "She'd ignore you otherwise....It's a very difficult thing for a democratic person....It's embarrassing." Her late predecessor, the popular Queen Alia, had preferred the more colloquial Sitti, a nickname meaning roughly "madam" (or, in the masculine, "sir") that government officials still use with the king.

The queen, already beautiful, decided a more regal physical profile was needed. It was achieved through cosmetic surgery. The nose job completed, the press photographers were given a couple of weeks off. The rhinoplasty was seen, at least by one palace insider, as pivotal. "She not only changed features, her whole character changed with them," she says. Before long, according to one source close to the queen, Noor was applying pressure to various Jordanian institutions that had been named for Alia and her children to rename themselves, preferably for *her* and *her* children (in 1988 the airline ALIA became Royal Jordanian; a garden named for Alia's son was renamed for Noor's oldest son). These demands were made in a brand-new voice. The queen cultivated what she apparently imagined to be a regal accent—made up of equal parts pseudo-British-, pseudo-Arabic-accented English and authentic pretension.

Until Noor, the royal palace had been allowed to remain small—they were "squeezed in like sardines," she told one visitor—and so she has expanded and improved it to reflect a certain level of sophistication. And when Queen Elizabeth visited in 1984, there were further renovations. After a wall was knocked down to expand the guest quarters, the lawn at Aqaba (where she and the king keep a seaside palace) was uprooted and replanted, and new uniforms were ordered for everyone.

Noor is a hands-on manager. Once, when a servant had left a pole





"A TOAST TO ZEE FOURTH REICH UND TO you, Liebchen...": Noor with, *left to right,* Kurt Waldheim in Vienna; the Shriver-Schwarzeneggers and Wolfgang Puck at Spago in L.A.; the Duchess of York at Wimbledon; and downtrodden Kuwaitis at a refugee camp near Amman

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sticking up in a palace garden, she berated the footman in front of a visitor. "I *told* you to *remove* these," she screamed, grabbing the pole and waving it. "They're in the way." Before long, servants were calling her *Lisa*—no doubt affectionately—behind her back.

The palace staff of more than 100 needed alterations. The new queen hired more British and Americans, though four actual Jordanians currently work in her office as well. For an official photographic portrait of the royal family, the queen insisted on hiring a British photographer, explaining that Jordanians weren't yet advanced enough to get it right.

Queen Noor also learned the importance of appearing regal to those who didn't have the benefit of regular personal contact. She developed the habit of keeping people waiting, sometimes for days, for scheduled appointments. (This is always useful when establishing an aura.) And she knew enough not to ruin the effect by apologizing. On one occasion a journalist who had flown in from the States specifically to see her waited four days for her to return from Aqaba.

Back in the States, the extended Jordanian royal family share in the miracle. Alexa, the queen's sister, took naturally to regal ways. One college acquaintance who saw her after the wedding noticed a marked new sense of superiority. "Alexa had sprung from the head of her sister a full-blown princess," another friend recalls. The sister basks happily in Noor's reflected glow. "This is *major* climbing," says one Washington journalist. Alexa, now 36, had already been chasing a half-Kennedy (Bobby Shriver) and soon moved on to William Hurt and George Lucas. A business associate who worked with Alexa on a project concerning Noor says, "She tends to get involved as her sister's surrogate. While she may have had to call Queen Noor 'Your Majesty,' that doesn't mean Alexa isn't similarly imperious with nontitled Americans like myself."

Lisa's mother, Doris—whom one friend describes as a "sweet Upper East Side matron"—bragged about the "glamour" of the job and encouraged her friends to refer to her new son-in-law as Kingy. Mrs. Halaby was also impressed with the political nature of Lisa's new post and seemed to delight in the opportunity it afforded her to vent publicly a strain of extra-energetic Israel-attacking—in the context, of course, of supporting Palestinian rights and contributing to the international dialogue.

Noor herself has taken to the Israeli-bashing parts of the job with special relish. She has read staff-written speeches about the "Israeli war machine" and criticized the U.S. for seeming to "reward [Israel] for its belligerence." Her husband counts among his vast automobile collection a gold Mercedes-Benz used by Hitler (the Jordan Information Bureau maintains the car belonged to "the German Army"), and the couple count among their friends the charming Kurt Waldheim (as well as Waldheim's American pal Arnold Schwarzenegger). And Noor has, on at least one occasion, appalled guests by sneeringly mimicking the accents of her Jewish neighbors on the other side of the Jordan River.

QUEEN NOOR HAS FREQUENTLY REFERRED TO HERSELF AS A "humble civil servant," a "working queen" with a "modest" way of life and "no time to worry about [our] own safety." In addition to the palace in Amman, the palace in Aqaba and a new lavish private residence outside Amman bought this year, the royal couple also own a country estate in the hills above Vienna—this is thought to be the future residence-in-exile, and they have poured some $5 million into restoring the place, in the process equipping it with an elaborate security system that includes guard dogs, a video camera at every entrance, and a wraparound electric double fence. The couple have also maintained homes in England (one of which they lent last winter to Charles and Di when they were renovating), Cannes, the Canary Islands and Maryland; a year ago Noor was apparently house-hunting in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and in November reportedly in Palm Beach, Florida. In 1982, Noor rented Trees, the Long Island summer house then owned by Carl Bernstein and Nora Ephron. With two Lear jets at her personal disposal, it's no wonder Noor reportedly spends so little time (no more than a month a year, by one report) in Amman.

Because the royal couple travel so much, extravagant displays of affection toward each other and their children are crucial.





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Once, when Noor and Hussein were vacationing in London, they loaded a Royal Jordanian jet to Amman with a precious cargo of Big Macs and french fries—surprise! On a visit to L.A. with Hussein, Noor's eye was caught by a piece of jewelry in the window of a hotel shop. The fact that it was the wee hours of the morning and the shop was closed made her sad...until she remembered that she was a queen. The royal couple promptly awakened the store's manager to show them the jewels.

Although the queen is, as we've learned, an Arab now, she exhibits a healthy interest in the infidels' popular culture. Trivial Pursuit, *Dallas* and French fashion magazines are pastimes. Most of all, she and the king like to relax in the palace cinema with some tacos or cheeseburgers at hand. (Queen Noor has said they simply watch leftover videos from Amman movie theaters, but she is being unnecessarily modest; in fact, the royal library contains some 4,000 films, and additional shipments of up to 50 videos per week arrive from the States as needed.) The queen even introduced His Majesty to country-and-western music and rock 'n' roll, which the five-foot-three-inch Hussein sometimes cranks up to energize himself before important political events.

After breakfast the queen might have her three-times-weekly aerobics lesson with her personal trainer while the king takes an imaginary spin on his exercise bicycle—or possibly a real spin around the palace with his wife or the kids on one of his 30 motorcycles. (He also owns 175 cars, counting Hitler's gold Mercedes, more than 40 boats and several royal jets; he recently acquired a $20,000 14-foot Surfrider Sport Speedboat. Each of the couple's older children owns a miniature motorized car; and then there are the presumably special-occasion-only, nanny-chauffeured mini-Porsches.)

A queen must look right, and Noor's taste in clothes runs toward Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Cardin. At the palace, a chambermaid is employed to attend exclusively to Her Majesty's wardrobe, which is distributed through several rooms and includes—is this *the* fin de siècle indicator of imminent exile?—hundreds of pairs of shoes. Every item has been photographed, and the photographs are organized into albums to make packing easier. Which frees the queen to spend more time contributing to Jordanian society.

IN 1989 THE QUEEN WAS ONE OF THE GRIEVANCES precipitating riots that broke out in Jordan as the economy became more and more unbearable. As a result of the discontent, the well-loved king instituted an elected parliament for the first time in 22 years, which in turn resulted in the election of a powerful minority of Islamic conservatives. A rising faction in Jordan since 1984, they were becoming yet another cause for concern for the ever-appeasing king—they particularly objected to his new wife.

In some ways Queen Noor ran afoul of her subjects from the very beginning. She spent too much money; she was thought to be condescending and patronizing. "People in the Jordanian street," she has said, "want to touch us, they want to feel us, they feel we are their family." Her handlers' desperate efforts to keep her quiet and low-key were a source of amusement for onlookers. In the late 1980s, one Amman resident says, she went through a two-year period of looking like "your aunt Bessie"—long sleeves, dowdy outfits, generally less-sparkling-looking.

The queen says she was "completely surprised" by the eruption of her subjects' unloving feelings, but she told people that in time, Jordanians would learn to respect her. It may be a long wait. A dozen years into Noor's reign, Abdullah Hasafet, an editor at the pro-Hussein *Jordan Times*, finds the queen "genuine" but still a bit... unprepared. "It's not easy for Queen Noor to, um, *comprehend* everything," Hasafet says. "She does not have the gut feeling, you know, you have when you are born here and you know the conflict and you've lived with it." Her recent public appearances, such as the photo-op visits to Kuwaiti refugee camps, are so controlled that it's impossible for the press's enthusiasm—*She's beautiful! She cares!*—not to outstrip reality. In October she, not Hussein, visited New York (for the UN conference on children) and then Washington, where she gave a speech at the liberal Brookings Institution. It seemed a good idea to send the queen and not the king. Amman's streets were filling with anti-Western, pro–Saddam Hussein protestors—if war comes to the Gulf, a U.S. official told *The New York Times* recently, "the American embassy in Amman will probably burn"—and some locals were detecting a political statement in Jordanian television's first-ever airing of *The Ugly American*. So she headed for Washington.

FOLLOWING HER BROOKINGS SPEECH, DURING A QUESTION-and-answer session, someone asked about Jordan's Israel policy. After the queen's evasive response, her host interceded. "If we're going to dwell on the past," the Brookings woman said while the queen stood by approvingly, "we're never going to move into the future." The regal effect worked this time: the questioner later apologized to Noor.

The main, $100-per-ticket reception for her visit, held at the Jordanian embassy to raise funds for Kuwaiti refugees in Jordan, was completely ignored by the U.S. government. Luckily, Jeeb Halaby was there—along with other political hard hitters like Catherine Shouse, founder of Wolf Trap—to offer support and imbue his daughter's visit with the import it deserved: a number of well-known magazines hoped to cover the event with photos in their social pages, but those sorts of photos, Dad implied, were just not serious enough. Happily for the Halabys, *The Washington Post* did cover Noor's official visit. Unhappily, they did so in the Style section.

Is it too much to ask that a queen be taken seriously? She returns again and again to Washington, the one place in her homeland where titular importance ought to count for a lot. In the corner of a social gathering thrown by friends back home, the former Lisa Halaby—Queen Noor of Jordan—sits all alone. The guests, perhaps reluctant to be seen as toadying, perhaps simply not interested, are just not going over to talk to her. *Please*, the hostess begs one after another, *please just go up to her and chat for five minutes, each of you. You can talk about anything.* But the queen (whom one participant will later describe as "fundamentally boring") remains isolated, apparently uncertain of how to proceed—unable to engage the attention of her former fellow Americans, unwilling to wade in among them and risk diluting the queenly aura. Wherever she is these days, Amman or Washington, Aqaba or London, she seems a little awkward, a little out of place, unloved. "For us," said a Western journalist covering the Middle East, "she's the Blond Queen. In Jordan she's just not playing a big role. She has only to be very *careful*." ◗

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SPY

Incorporating Large-Type SPY for Seniors January-February 1991

SPY Junior

Real Crank Phone Calls to the Rich and Famous!





Dictionary Dirty-Word Search!

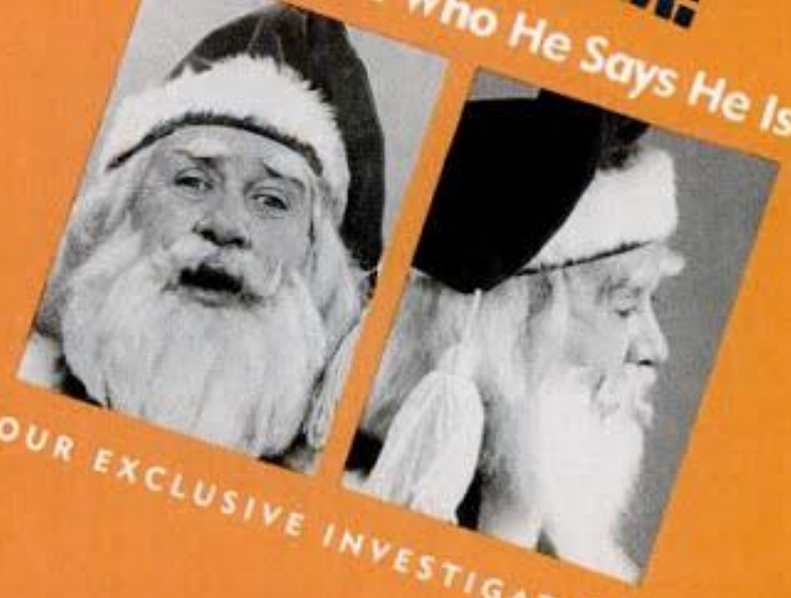


Secrets of Your Parents' Bedside Drawer!



Ho Ho Hoax!

Santa Isn't Who He Says He Is



OUR EXCLUSIVE INVESTIGATION

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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT

Parents stretch the truth.

Surely you've sensed this. But, possessing only a fifth-grade education or so, you probably haven't been able to catch them at it. Here, then, are the explosive truths they don't want you to know. Study up good.

Don't play with sticks/pencils—you'll put your eye out.

Not likely. According to the National Eye Trauma System, most eye injuries are caused by "projectiles," not "sharp objects." Indeed, a 1989 study published in the *American Journal of the Diseases of Children* found that balls were the greatest cause of childhood eye injuries.

Clean your plate—people are starving in India.

Yes, people are starving in India and elsewhere in the developing world. But relief organizations like Oxfam say that the U.S. contributes to the world hunger problem by using up more than its fair share of the world's resources. So maybe your parents shouldn't have bought, cooked and given you so many **Brussels sprouts** in the first place! Also, making you eat things you don't want could lead you down the path toward juvenile obesity. As Karen Miller-



Bart Simpson's "Match the Excuse to the Thing You Did"

THING YOU DID	EXCUSE
1. Sent president picture of butt.	**A.** "Grandma started it."
2. Tore off label from every food can in house.	**B.** "I blame the economy."
3. Answered phone as raccoon.	**C.** "A man on the radio said to do it."
4. Ordered musical treasuries for strangers.	**D.** "I was at a movie alone."
5. Disrupted Air Force fly-by.	**E.** "I've already punished myself."
6. Ripped last page from every book in house.	**F.** "Let's say no more about it."
7. Tried to turn humidifier into robot.	**G.** "Gypsies did most of it."

Answers: The only wrong excuse is no excuse.



Actual Crank Calls to the Rich and Famous



LAUREN BACALL, a famous 1940s movie star: Hello?

SPY JR.: *Hello, Ms. Bacall?*

Yes?

Um, I was wondering if your refrigerator was running.

Who is this?

Richard Hurtz. I'm just wondering if your refrigerator is running.

[Bacall, a famous 1940s movie star, hangs up.]

SUSAN SEIDELMAN, director of a movie starring Madonna: Hello?

SPY JR.: *Hi, is Susan Seidelman there?*

Speaking.

Hi, uh, Ms. Seidelman, this is Michael Hunt. I was wondering, is your refrigerator running?

Is my refrigerator running?

Yes.

Uh, I don't know.

Want me to check?

Uh, yeah, that would be good.

Okay, hold it.

Thanks.

[Thirty-seven-second pause]

Hello?

Yes?

Yes, it is.

It is. Do you think you'd better go catch it?!?

[Sighs] That was very funny.

Okay.

Okay, very funny. Very clever.

Have you heard about the idiot who says, "What?"

[Sighs] Goodnight.

Goodnight.

[Seidelman hangs up.]

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Donatello (?)

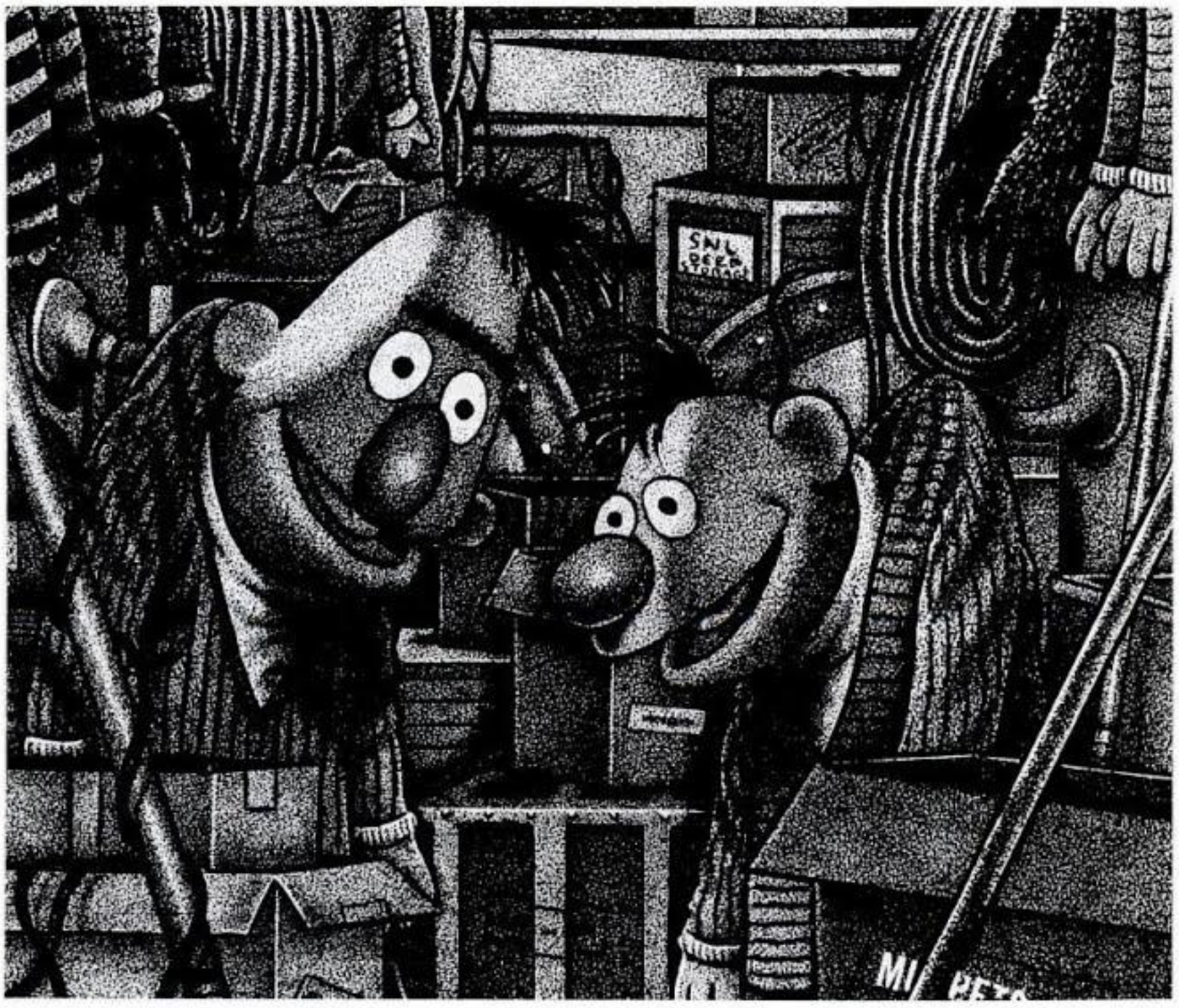
Naked City

The Usual Suspects

A conflict arose during the filming of a major movie sequel's climactic scene. A concerned crew member complained to the director that the scene was being shot in such a way that audiences might see one character start an action and a second character complete it. These sorts of errors are called continuity problems, and on most movie sets they would be cause for embarrassment. But not on the set of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II*. Said the nonchalant director, "The only thing that tips people off to which **TURTLE** is which is the different-colored headband. And in this light, who can tell?" Ads on TV will soon be urging you to see this carefully crafted, not-at-all-exploitative film.

An actual mom writes: Recently I was making the rounds of Manhattan's private preschools, trying to find one suitable for my child. While standing on the rooftop playground of the Upper East Side's posh **ALL SOULS SCHOOL**, I was shocked to see one three-year-old child, Jimmy (not his real name), sobbing uncontrollably. The reason? He was encircled by his classmates, who were chanting, *Jimmy doesn't have a coun-try house, Jimmy doesn't have a coun-try house!*

Private Lives of Public Figures



Bert and Ernie enjoy a break from their hectic taping schedule.

Kovach of the American Dietetic Association says, "Forcing kids to eat more than they want defeats the natural hunger mechanism."

Cross your eyes and they'll get stuck that way.

We asked Dr. Gustavo Colon, a Metairie, Louisiana, plastic surgeon, whether eye crossing could cause permanent injury. "It is completely impossible," Dr. Colon says, "unless you crossed your eyes and somebody put pins in your eyes to hold them in that position."

Just say no.

Just? Easier said than done. According to the American Medical Association, addiction is a disease, not a choice. And recent studies show that a tendency to abuse drugs and alcohol can be inherited. Tell your parents you're worried about this, and ask them how many alcoholics and/or drug addicts you're related to. Insist on your right to know. Ask about **schizophrenics** too.

SPY JR. VOCABULARY BUILDERS

Brussels sprouts: leafy vegetables with a bitter taste, traditionally disliked by kids in the days before frozen pizzas and take-out Chinese food.

schizophrenic (skitz-oh-fren-ick): medical word for *weird*.

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Naked City

Where's Walter?

Walter™ is making his usual rounds of New York City in his role as SPY's messenger–movie critic. Can you find him and all the important SPY documents he's scattered across the city? See if you can also find: Walter's friend Waldo, who's visiting from Great Britain; Waldo's wallet; Waldo's cash; Waldo's credit cards; the radio from Waldo's car. If you find any of these items, please contact Waldo.

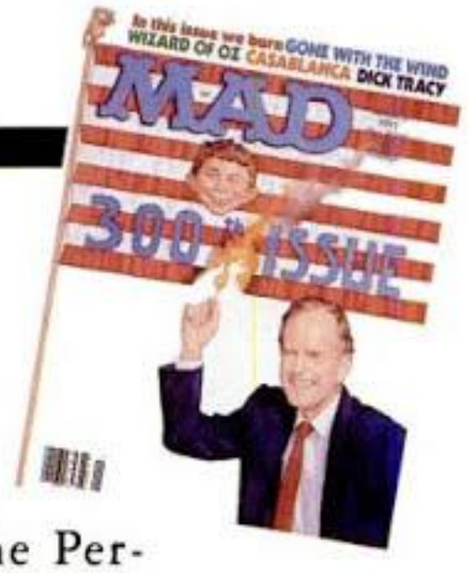


Illustration by Christoph Abbrederis

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Bill *Fatty*



Mustard and Digitalis Dept.: Every reader of *Mad* knows what bosomy, **eccentric** publisher Bill Gaines looks like: stringy long hair, salt-and-pepper beard, stained shirts, heavy glasses, huge gut. Readers know this because Gaines is regularly drawn by the magazine's inside-joke-loving artists. So be on the lookout this year for a brand-new, skinnier Gaines. He's had a pacemaker installed, and on doctor's orders, the well-fed 68-year-old has actually been dieting and avoiding wine.

Gaines's new health regimen means he will have to pass up important office activities like last year's "Dog-Off." Associate editor Joe Raiola challenged his boss and the rest of the magazine's staff to taste-test three regular hot dogs and three soy-meal dogs. To Raiola's dismay—he was trying to prove that health food tastes normal—everyone could tell the difference between the real dogs and the fakes. Gaines, a connoisseur of sorts, was even able to identify the different *brands* ("This one's Hebrew National, this one's Oscar Mayer, and that one's a Sabrett's")!

Hence the pacemaker.

Otherwise, the millionaire publisher's busy, busy days continue to be filled with showing off the authentic human skull in his office bookcase. (He claims it's his father's, an oddly **Oedipal** jest for a man his age.) Gaines also likes to point out a pair of cherished old photos he keeps in a hinged frame. At first glance, visitors often mistake the man and woman in the pictures for Gaines's parents. In fact, they are none other than Fatty Arbuckle and Virginia Rappe, a famous Hollywood couple from the 1920s. Ask your parents what the joke is.

Tricentennial Blues Dept.: If you've already seen the January *Mad*, you know that the cover for the magazine's 300th issue features Alfred E. Neuman as the "Sexiest Schmuck Alive." What you *don't* know is that the original 300th-issue cover was scrapped at the last minute because of the situation in the Persian Gulf and the editors' fear that the climate in this country is such that their readers—or their readers' parents—would never stand for anything remotely satirical concerning patriotism. The cover that didn't run is pictured above. —*Roger Kaputnik*

SPY JR. VOCABULARY BUILDERS

eccentric: nice word for *weird.*

Oedipal (ed-uh-pull): a reference to Oedipus (ed-uh-puss), a character in Greek mythology who accidentally killed his father and spent the night cuddled up in his mother's bed. Ring any bells? It's okay, you're *supposedly normal.*

Fuchsite, Fucivorous...

Our Monthly Excerpts from The Oxford English Dictionary

Butt-head: see BUTT....

Turd (tɐɹd). Not now in polite use....

1. A lump or piece of excrement; also, excrement, ordure.... **1553** BALE *Vocacyon*... Yet will a toorde be but a stinkinge toorde, both in smele and syght.... **1761** *Brit. Mag.*... Thatch your house with t—d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers. ❯

Separated at Birth?

Hitler...





and Julia Roberts?

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Celebrity Goofus and Gallant



Goofus Roseanne Barr displays vulgar manners in front of millions.



Gallant Roseanne Barr is the star of a top-rated, money-making situation comedy.



Goofus Ed Koch runs the city into the ground.



Gallant Ed Koch gives the new mayor helpful advice.



Goofus Pete Rose makes a little kid pay $50 for a signed baseball.



Gallant Pete Rose sells his services to the federal government for only 11 cents an hour.

Illustrations by A. B. Faulkner

INSIDE BED

The SPY JR. *Annotation*

Your parents' bedside table drawer is their most private, top-secret place. Many of the objects there may be unfamiliar to you. They may even frighten you. Others may *seem* familiar. But to adults, they have unusual uses.

Sex manual. Having sex is a lot more complicated than you probably think, and for a lot of reasons (some of them not even dirty). What would be really great to know is which parent bought this.

Wash'n Dri's. It's a lot grosser than you think, too.

Room freshener. Much, *much* grosser.

Scarf. Left over from an "experiment."

Nose-hair scissors. When people become adults, long black hairs grow out of their noses—not just really old people, either. It's true.

Contraceptive foam. This is not an extremely effective kind of birth control—you may be proof. Fun fact: the applicator works on the same principle as a Ghostbuster Gooper Ghost.

Valium. Mom would cry even more if she didn't have these.

Embarrassing photo of your parents, probably from before you were born. Ick.

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SIDE DRAWER



Photo of Dad's parents in their trailer home. How come photos of *Mom's* parents on their sailboat are out in the living room?

Therapist's business card. This is why you have a baby-sitter every Wednesday night.

A marijuana-cigarette butt ("roach"). Inform your guidance counselor or clergyman immediately.

Matchbook from fancy restaurant. Mom and Dad got taken here once. A long time ago.

Hard-to-understand book. Dad has read the first three and a half pages about four times. Sometimes when people come over, he leaves it on the coffee table.

Book about screwed-up children. Uh-oh.

Ad for military academy. Double uh-oh.

Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion. This is probably just for Mom's dry skin. Probably. ❯

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AN EXCLUSIVE POST-CHRISTMAS SPY JR. INVESTIGATION

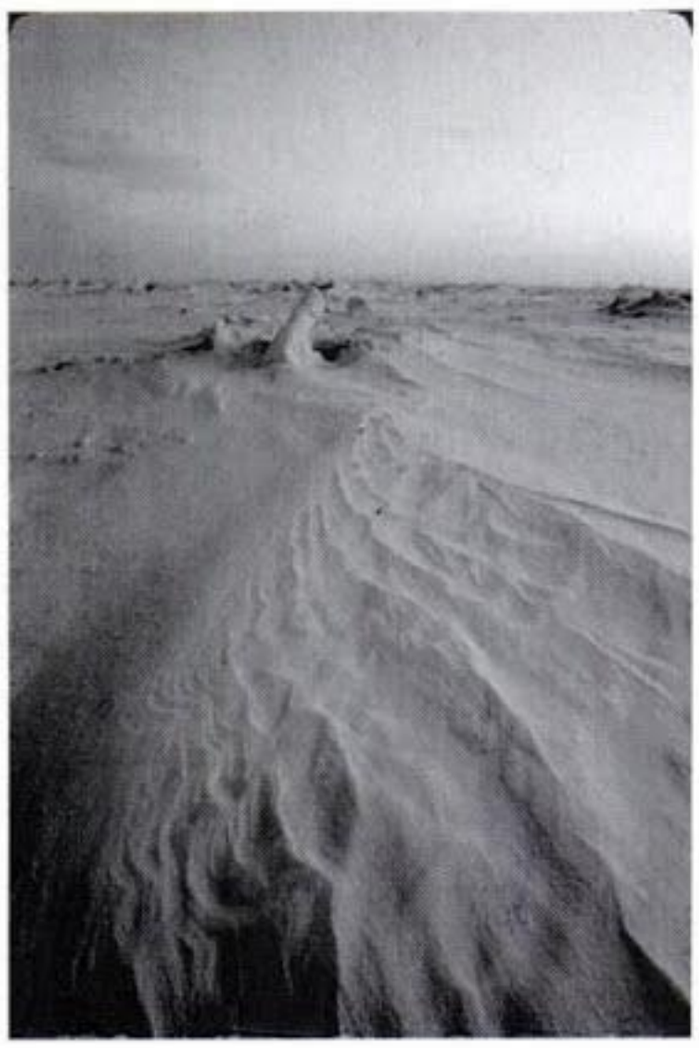
NO, VIRGINIA, THERE isn't A SANTA CLAUS!



Do you believe in Santa Claus?

This is a complex theological question that each child must decide for him- or herself. Until now, that is. With the aid of computers, SPY JR. has conducted a rigorous **statistical** investigation into the question of Santa's existence. Be forewarned: you may not like our conclusions....

We begin our investigation by assuming that Santa Claus really does exist. Now, if you've learned anything about human nature, you know it's highly unlikely that a normal man would choose, for no particular reason, to devote his life to making toys and delivering them to boys and girls the world over. But this is an **objective** inquiry, and questions of motivation aren't relevant. We want only to know whether such a man could accomplish his mission.

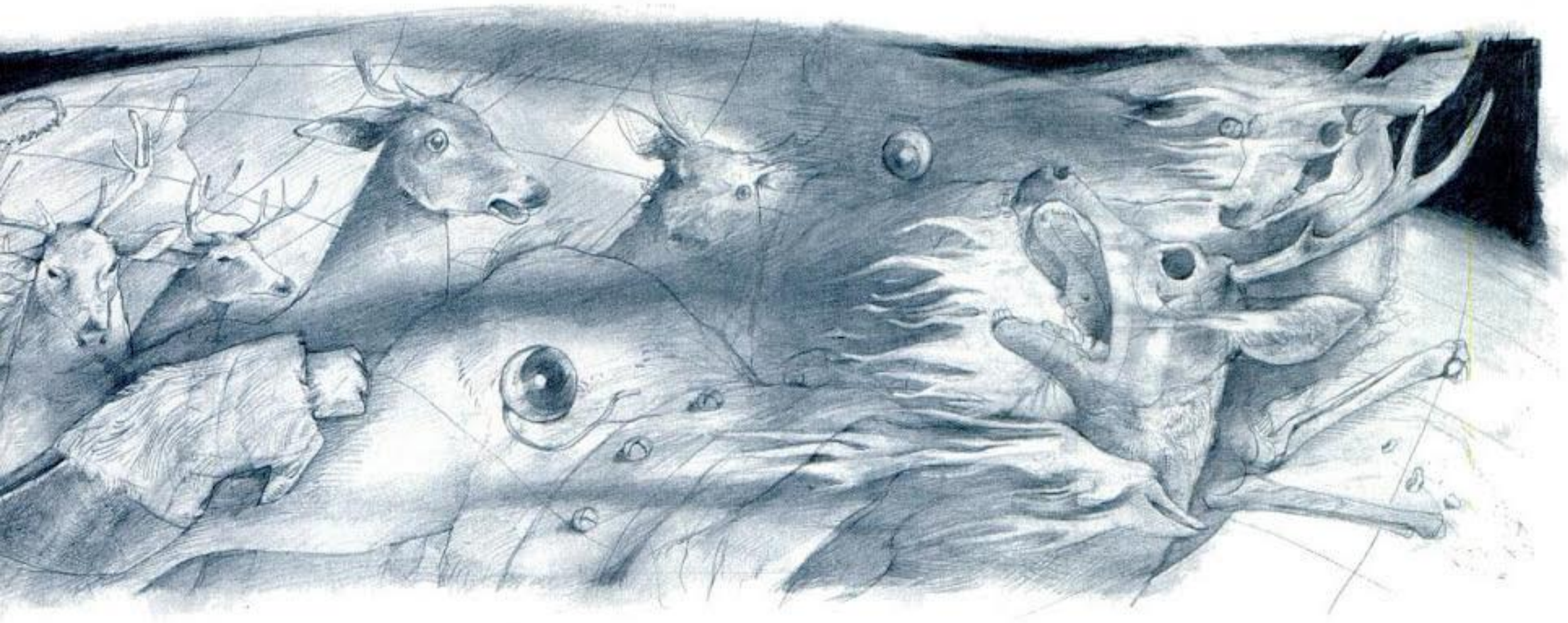


ANYBODY HOME? No toy-manufacturing facility or elf living quarters are visible in this aerial surveillance photo taken over the North Pole.

Santa's first obstacle is that *no known species of reindeer can fly.* However, scientists estimate that out of the earth's roughly 2 million species of living organisms, 300,000 or so have yet to be classified. So, even though most of these undiscovered species are insects and germs, we can't rule out the slight possibility that a species of flying reindeer does, in fact, exist. And that no one besides Santa has ever seen one.

A bigger obstacle for Santa is that there are 2 billion children under the age of 18 in the world. The good news is that he needs to deliver presents only to *Christian* children, of whom there are approximately 378 million (according to figures provided by the Population Reference Bureau). Let's assume that 15 percent of these Christian children have been

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ON, DANCER, ON—*AIEEEEE!!!* Artist's rendition of Santa's hypersonic gift-delivery vehicle

bad and are thus—like Muslim, Hindu, Jewish and Buddhist children—ineligible for gift getting. Still, at an average rate of 3.5 children per household, Santa has a backbreaking 91.8 million homes to visit on any given Christmas Eve.

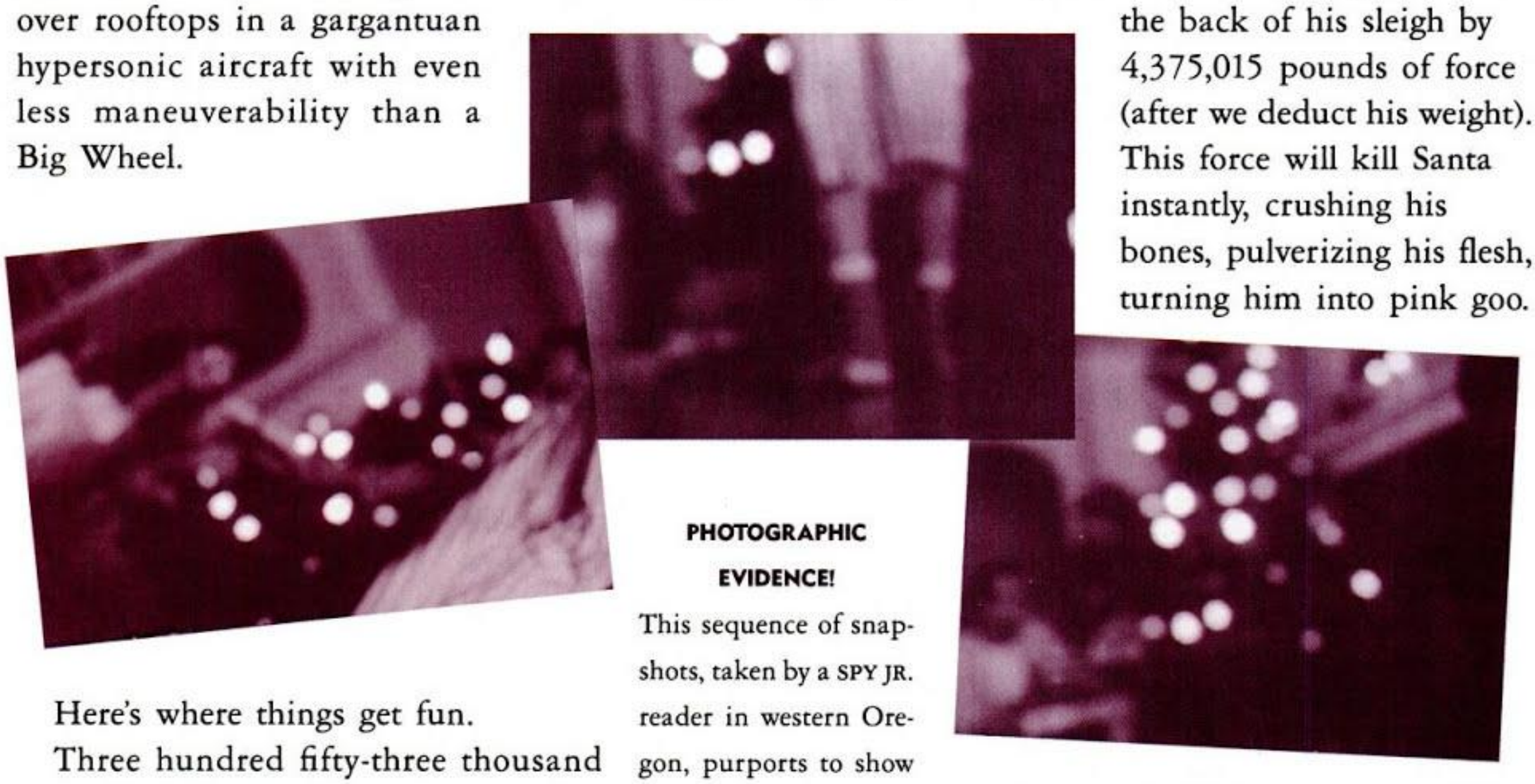
Fortunately, Santa has 31 hours of Christmas Eve darkness to visit all these homes if he travels from east to west, thanks to the rotation of the earth. Unfortunately, this still works out to 822.6 visits per second. So, for each Christian household with good children, Santa has just over a thousandth of a second to land, hop out of his sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the rest of the presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left out, get back up the chimney, climb back into his sleigh, take off and fly to the next house.

How fast is Santa moving? Assuming all 91.8 million stops are spread evenly over the earth's landmass, Santa must travel 0.79 miles per household—a total trip of 72,522,000 miles. (This is a conservative estimate. It doesn't include trips across oceans, feeding stops for the reindeer, etc.) Given the 31-hour time period, Santa's sleigh must maintain an average speed of 650 miles per second, or more than 3,000 times the speed of sound. To give you an idea how fast that is, the fastest man-made vehicle ever built, the *Ulysses* space probe, travels at a relatively poky pace of 27.4 miles per second, and conventional, land-bound reindeer travel at a top speed of 15 miles per hour. But let's just assume that Santa's flying reindeer are somehow able to reach hypersonic speeds—thanks, say, to the magical spirit of Christmas giving.

Let's take a closer look at Santa's vehicle. First of all, assuming a cheapo 2 pounds of presents per child (that's like one crummy Lego set), the sleigh must still be able to carry a load of 321,300 tons—plus Santa, an overweight man. On land, a reindeer can't pull more than 300 pounds of freight, and even assuming that flying reindeer could pull ten times that amount, Santa's massive sleigh has to be drawn by 214,200 beasts. They increase the weight of the

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overall Santa payload to 353,430 tons (not including the weight of the sleigh itself). This is more than four times the weight of the *Queen Elizabeth* ocean liner. Imagine: Santa skimming over rooftops in a gargantuan hypersonic aircraft with even less maneuverability than a Big Wheel.



Here's where things get fun.

Three hundred fifty-three thousand tons of reindeer and presents are going to create an enormous amount of air resistance—especially at 650 miles per second. This air resistance will heat the reindeer in the same way that spaceships are heated up when they reenter the earth's atmosphere. According to our calculations, the lead pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3-quintillion joules of energy per second each. This means they will burst into spectacular, multicolored flames almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them. As Santa continues on his mission—leaving deafening sonic booms in his wake—charred reindeer will constantly be sloughed off. All 214,200 reindeer will be dead within 4.26 thousandths of a second.

As for Santa, he will be subjected to centrifugal forces 17,500.06 times greater than gravity. A 250-pound Santa will be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,375,015 pounds of force (after we deduct his weight). This force will kill Santa instantly, crushing his bones, pulverizing his flesh, turning him into pink goo.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE!

This sequence of snapshots, taken by a SPY JR. reader in western Oregon, purports to show actual parents setting out presents and eating cookies left for "Santa."

In other words, if Santa tries to deliver presents on Christmas Eve to every qualified boy and girl on the face of the earth, he will be liquefied.

If he even exists, he's already dead.

So where *do* the presents come from? Weirdly kindhearted intruders? Stupid robbers? Magic? Your parents, maybe?

We won't insult your intelligence with the answer. ❯

SPY JR. VOCABULARY BUILDERS

statistical: this is an almost always meaningless word that is frequently used when people want to make something that is vague and haphazard sound authoritative and scientific.

objective: see *statistical*.

FUN QUIZ!

How does Santa fit down a chimney if he's so fat?

How does Santa deliver presents to houses and apartments that don't have chimneys?

Assuming reindeer have aerodynamic lift, what is the minimum speed a reindeer would have to attain in order to become airborne?

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The SPY JR. HOW-TO Handbook





Your Own Copy of Playboy *Every Month!*

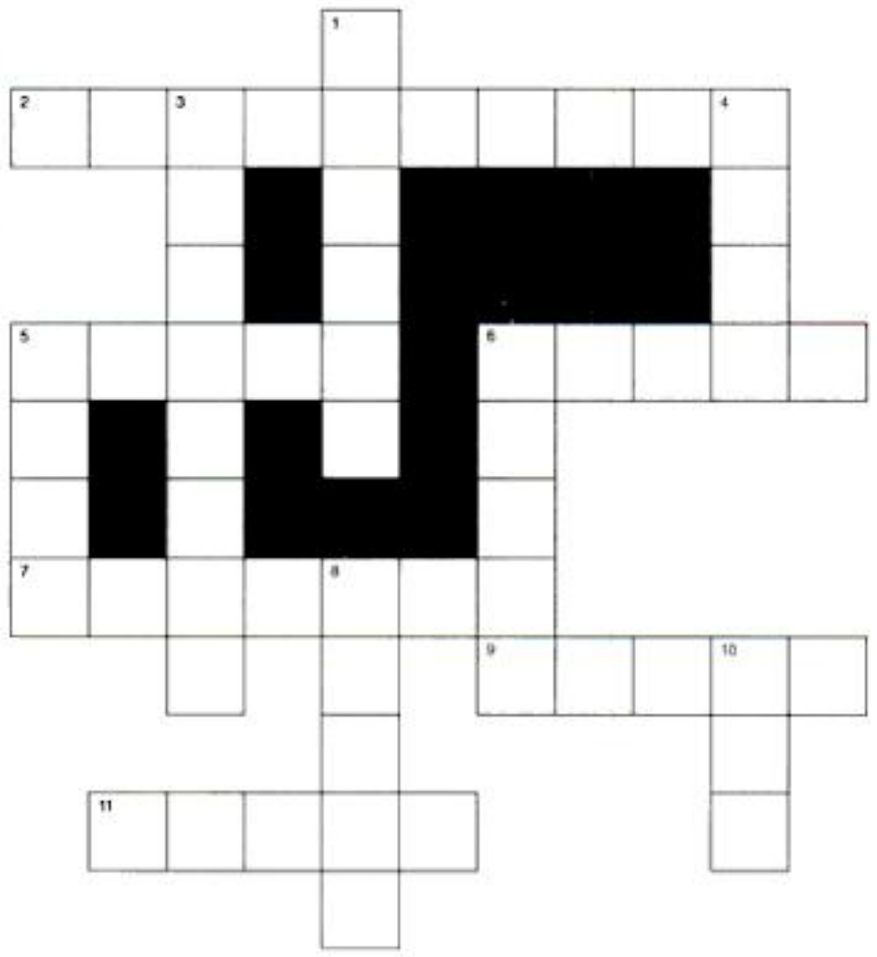
INSTEAD OF DEPENDING ON UNCERTAIN suppliers—older brothers, creepy clerks at the Circle K, the top of Dad's closet—you can, no matter how young you are, become a subscriber to *Playboy*. This way, you'll get not only the magazine but also neat junk mail from other sophisticated men's magazines and from sophisticated men's mail-order catalogs.

Step 1: Establish your own mailing address. Most cities have commercial post-office-box agencies, which operate out of stores and typically charge between $25 and $35 per month. Check the Yellow Pages and call for more information. If the clerk says you're awfully young to be renting a box, suggest that your situation is complicated but has something to do with your parents' divorce and your mom's being "in an institution."

Step 2: Subscribe. Although the official rate is $26 per year, subscriptions are actually available for as little as $21. Just send a request, with your name, post-office-box number and a money order (probably available for a fee of $1 at the place where you're renting the post office box) to *Playboy* Subscriptions, P.O. Box 2003, Harlan, Iowa 51593. Happy reading!

Next Month: *Staying home from school the* Physicians' Desk Reference *way!*

Our Un-Adult Crossword Puzzle



Down

1. *Prizzi's Honor* costar; Sis's shame. (6)

3. Aftermath of 7 Across. (4,4)

4. Nice word for *retarded*. (4)

5. Metropolitan Museum o_ ___. (1,3)

6. Dumb mistake—especially in swim trunks. (5)



8. Mountain range dividing Asia and Europe. (5)

10. Gross stuff. (3)

Across

2. Grandpa's specialty. (7,3)

5. ...round the corner _____ is made. (5)

6. Amusing color. (5)

7. Wedgie, e.g. (7)

9. TV's porcelain-bus driver? (5)

11. *Yellow River* author. (5)



SPY JR. STAFF: *Edited by Bruce Handy. Written by Kurt Andersen, Josh Gillette, Joanne Gruber, Bruce Handy, Jamie Malanowski, George Meyers, Susan Morrison, Joel Potischman. Designed by Christiaan Kuypers. Educational consultant: the Reverend Harry Powell, D.D., Ph.Ed.*

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Anthony Tarassi SHOOTS HIMSELF

BLISSFULLY FREE OF THE high seriousness that infects so much haute couture, the Italian-born, Berkeley-educated designer Anthony Tarassi draws his inspiration from Jean de Brunhoff's *Babar* books and the works of

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J.R.R. Tolkien—sources more commonly associated with cherished blankies and outcast teenagers than with *Women's Wear Daily* and Linda Evangelista. "I have a lot of *Babar* books, and I still read them before I go to bed," explains the 28-year-old Tarassi. "So it just occurred to me, 'God, I should use Babar!'" Here, Tarassi has photographed some inhabitants of Celesteville in his spring and summer line, available at Louis, Boston and Bergdorf's.

For more information, see page 71.

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Gary enraptures Phyllis Schlafly.

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be a Liberated Former Colony of the Soviet Empire

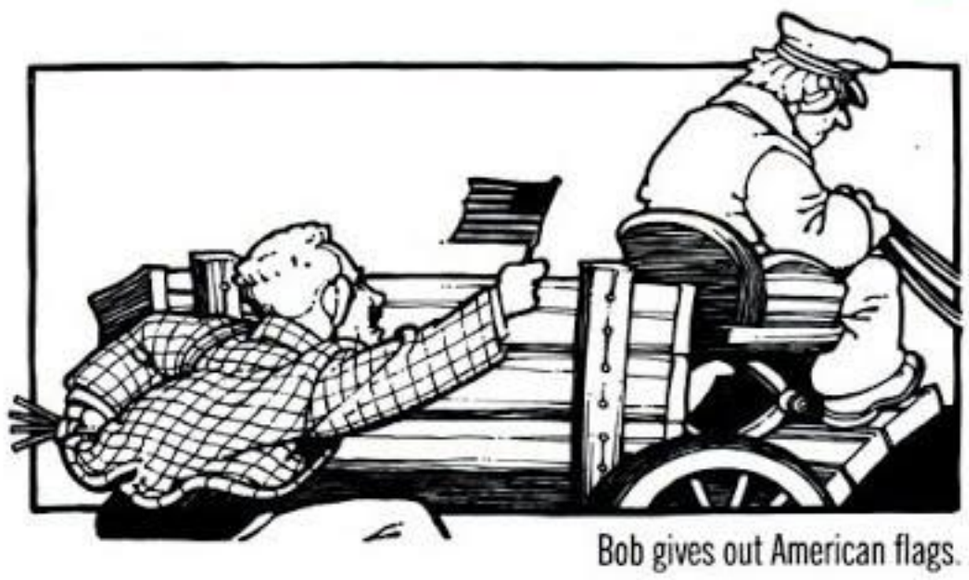


Sammy lives—in a Polish waxworks, with Frank!



My companions fire pretend AK-47s.

JOIN A GANG OF RICH AMERICAN WARNING AGAINST WELFARE, HAND



Bob gives out American flags.



Mighty capitalists are we!

by Richard Stengel

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RIGHT-WINGERS AS THEY ROCK 'N' ROLL THROUGH EASTERN EUROPE—GLOATING, PARTYING, NG OUT THE STARS AND STRIPES, BLOWING KISSES TO ROMANIAN HOOKERS, AND MORE!

Back in the good old days of the Cold War, a guy like Jack Wheeler wouldn't have been caught dead leading a bunch of American tourists on a sight-seeing trip around the colonies of the Evil Empire. But here he was—Jack Wheeler, the all-American boy, the Indiana Jones of the right, the man *Izvestia* once described as an "ideological gangster," a true believer who had launched Stinger missiles with the *mujaheddin* in Afghanistan, dodged bullets with the contras in Nicaragua and downed brews with Ollie North at a dive near the White House—on the Hungarian-Romanian border with a Mercedes busload of ill-tempered American tourists.

Jack was, as ever, dressed in safari gear—battered khaki jacket, khaki shorts, khaki-colored Reeboks (his khaki hat with the porcupine quill had been filched some days earlier in East Berlin). On the middle finger of his right hand was a mollusk-size gold ring, embossed with a Chinese character, that he had bought in Saigon when it was still called Saigon. ("It's the symbol for happiness and virility," he says.) Jack stood at the front of the bus and surveyed the squadron of American right-wingers with a pair of mischievous, narrow-set blue eyes. His charges were filling out their exit cards.

"Hey, Jack," someone called out from the back of the bus. "What do we write under REASON FOR VISIT?"

Jack paused for a moment. "KCA," he said matter-of-factly over the bus's speaker system. "KCA."

"What's that?" one of his troops asked.

Jack grinned, and then grabbed the microphone as though he were launching into a sweaty encore in a Vegas lounge. "Kick Commie ass!" he cried. "Kick Commie ass!"

Suddenly, backstage behind the disintegrating Iron Curtain, where nervous Americans once kept their heads down and spoke only in whispers, the bus literally rocked.

"KICK COMMIE ASS!"

"KICK COMMIE ASS!"

Several weeks before I joined up with Jack Wheeler's merry buscapade, my eye had been drawn to one of those tiny ads buried at the bottom of the front page of *The New York Times*:

CAPITALISM HAS WON! VIP tours to East Europe
w/ former Reagan officials.

I called the 800 number and got Wheeler straightaway. "This is not some American Express tour to see the sights," he told me. "This is *current history*, and we're going to meet the people making that history." The tour, sponsored by a conservative Washington think tank called the Council for Inter-American Security, covered six countries—East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria, in that order—and each of the trip's three legs would include about 15 or 20 travelers of the "conservative disposition." The price was just under $10,000. Profits were split between Wheeler and the Council.

Jack Wheeler, I soon learned, was a professional adventurer who'd been credited by *The Washington Post* with dreaming up the Reagan Doctrine after spending a few years hooking up with anti-Soviet insurgents in Africa, Asia and Central America. One night in Afghanistan in 1985, he'd had an epiphany: rebels were rising up and fighting the Soviet juggernaut all over the globe. Jack hightailed it back to Washington, gave a breathless talk to the White House speech writers—and presto, Reagan was extolling the moral equivalents of the Founding Fathers who were fighting Commie bastards everywhere. Jack became the brash, blue-eyed boy of the conservative movement, a rock 'n' roll Republican in the Lee Atwater tradition.

Jack wanted to know if I was interested in the trip. There was silence on my end of the phone. "It'll be *bitchin'*," he promised. I had to admit that I was curious to see a group of conservative Americans square dance on the grave of their mortal enemy.

"Sign me up," I told him.

THE RONALD REAGAN GREED-IS-GOOD VICTORY TOUR

Tanya. The name conjures up a slinky, smoky-voiced Slavic spy who smuggles microfilm across the border in her black satin *bustier*. But Tanya, our guide to East Berlin, was a breezy, T-shirted 20-year-old from southern California who had lived in Germany for exactly three weeks. Her familiarity with the city was slight (she knew where all the McDonald's were in West Berlin), and her knowledge of World War II seemed to be derived mostly from *Hogan's Heroes* reruns.

Tanya was a keen disappointment to our conservatives, who peppered her with well-researched questions about the range of the SS-20 missiles based in East Germany, the number of Soviet military personnel still stationed in Warsaw Pact countries and whether former East German leader Erich Honecker had been an international drug kingpin.

There were 19 people on this leg of the trip, 15 of them men. There was Gary, an earnest, bespectacled jeweler from Indianapolis who wore gold chains and thought pornography was the source of all crime; Bill, a ham-faced businessman, also from Indianapolis, who proudly told me he was the first person to buy a Playboy Club franchise, back in 1960; Bud, a real estate developer from Orange County who, everywhere we went in Eastern Europe, made a point of asking about land prices. Later we would be joined by right-wing celebrities like Phyllis Schlafly and her daughter; Ray Cline, the former deputy director of the CIA, who referred to the rest of us as campers; another mother-daughter team, Bobbi and Lisa, from Hermosa Beach, California; and Lynn Bouchey, the garrulous president of the Council for Inter-American Security.

Most of the men, Jack told me, were "investors." One thing I know they invested in was subscriptions to arcane journals like *Intelligence Digest*, which they pored over on the bus.

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Sample conversation:

"I read this article on nuclear deterrence in *Foreign Affairs*."

"No, I think it was *Foreign Policy Review*."

"No, *Foreign Affairs*."

"Wanna bet?"

These fellows were not in lockstep agreement on the whole range of conservative issues, but they had one undeviating, inflexible point of principle: Commies were the root of all evil. This was essentially the Ronald Reagan Victory Tour. They had been told all their lives that American values would triumph in the end, and they had come to see it—The End—for themselves. They were bumptious and proud of...well, of freedom and democracy and high-yield corporate bonds.



A prostitute solicits the former CIA deputy director.

WILLKOMMEN TO YE OLDE HAMMER-AND-SICKLE SHOPPE

Everyone on the bus cheered up when Tanya delivered us to the Wall. The Wall, or what is left of it, has become a kind of outdoor Communist nostalgia mall, Ye Olde Hammer-and-Sickle Shoppe. Dozens of men were hawking chunks of concrete neatly packaged in plastic. There was also a bustling market in Soviet memorabilia like genuine Red Army belt buckles. Our group were gluttons for all of it. I watched two of my conservative companions sling Red Army belts over their shoulders and crouch down low, pretending to fire phantom AK-47s.

None of this tame, tourist stuff for Jack Wheeler, though. Tousle-haired, pigeon-toed, with a cocky, athletic walk, Jack was a 46-year-old Tom Sawyer. He had been the youngest Eagle Scout in America (age 12), swum the Hellespont naked (à la Lord Byron), ridden elephants across the Alps, hunted the man-eating tiger of Dalat and sky-dived over the North Pole. He wasn't about to pay hard currency for some penny-ante, plastic-wrapped, tarted-up keepsake of the Berlin Wall. He'd get his own. Jack moved down to a less popular precinct of the wall and, with his bare hands, pried off a 15-pound wedge and hoisted it onto his shoulder, his Cold War trophy.

From the Wall, we went directly to a State Department briefing. State Department professionals were naturally regarded by my colleagues as effete, Ivy League, striped-pants weenies. In East Berlin our contact at State could have been a mold for the rest: fair-haired, pasty-faced, a moist handshake. He blushed when he told us that the East German foreign minister had been a nudist.

My macho-foreign-policy leathernecks tried to trip up the man from State. They wanted to know where, for example, all the East German secret police had gone. One fellow got a big laugh by beginning a question, "According to Jane Fonda..." Playboy Bill cleared his throat and said, "Gorbachev is still pouring $350 million a year into Kabul..." Before he finished, several of the others piped up, "A *month*, Bill, a *month*."

Don't mess with them on Soviet stats.

That night at dinner our speaker was the managing director of an East German printing firm. (He affected the popular East German style of white socks and black sandals.) He was a gung ho capitalist with the enthusiasm of the newly converted. He told us how he wanted to privatize his firm and sack a bunch of employees. "They are a bit, you know, what you call, *lazy*," he said, and they worried about welfare for unemployed workers.

Welfare! The hands shot up. Diamond Gary launched into a practiced harangue about how welfare undermines the desire to work. Others lectured the East German about how welfare destroys family values. In Eastern Europe the conservatives might not have the Commies to pick on anymore, but there were still the big-spending liberals back home.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FREE-MARKET HIPPIES

In Prague, people were tickled to see us. The Czechs looked us up and down as if we were characters from *Dynasty*, trying to guess the secret, how we had done it in America. *They liked us, they really liked us.*

The Civic Forum headquarters in Wenceslas Square seemed more like a chaotic student union than like the offices of Czechoslovakia's new ruling party. We spoke with two party leaders, Dr. Tomas Jezek, an adviser to the finance minister, and Martin Palous, a foreign adviser to Vaclav Havel himself. Jezek was a rumpled, shaggy-haired fellow who was an adherent of the ultra-laissez-faire Austrian school of economics. "To be a socialist," said Jezek, "means not to know economics." Music to everyone's ears. But when Jezek described himself as a liberal, people in our group winced. My comrades never quite got used to the idea that anyone called a liberal didn't want to soak the rich and stifle incentive.

THE CZECHS

Martin Palous looked as though he had just wandered in from Max Yasgur's field at Woodstock circa 1969. He wore faded blue jeans and had long, stringy hair and an untrimmed beard. Palous was also a disciple of the Austrian school, and one of the first things he told us was, "We were very grateful to your president Ronald Reagan when he started to talk about the Soviet Union as an empire of evil." Jack and everyone else beamed. Here was a foreigner—a long-haired foreigner, no less—uttering the magic words.

We heard from a succession of such long-haired economic conservatives over the course of the trip, and I came to think of them as Free-Market Hippies. What united these men and our group was a mutual loathing of Communism and a reverence for a kind of libertarian capitalism. But culturally, aesthetically and sartorially they were polar opposites. After all, Vaclav Havel had appointed one of his heroes, Frank Zappa, to be a special trade representative, and not once during the trip did I hear any of my colleagues talk about the seminal influence of Zappa's *Uncle Meat* album.

On our last night in Prague, Jack wanted to go to a place called U Flaco's, because that's where his buddy, the right-wing

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICK GEARY

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California congressman Dana Rohrabacher, had told him he had been in 1968 when someone slipped him a message that the Soviets were going to invade. According to Jack, Dana had passed the information to the State Department. "Of course," said Jack, "nothing happened."

ANTI-COMMUNISTS ANONYMOUS

"Squares," the ruddy-faced fellow sitting next to me at dinner whispered. "Commies love squares." It was our first night in Warsaw, and my dinnermate was Lynn Bouchey, the president of the Council for Inter-American Security. Lynn had a resonant, glee-club sort of voice, a boyish face and a deeply conspiratorial manner. He also had had a few vodkas.

Moments later, Lynn tapped his spoon on his glass and rose to speak. "On behalf of the Council, I just want to say that we're here to have a look-see, walk-see, touch-see tour of the fall of Communism. This is a tour where we won't know what we're doing from one minute to the next, because history is changing that fast." Then, lowering his voice and looking cautiously about the room, he said, "There are still a lot of Commies around. Don't be fooled. I saw some myself at the airport.

"I admit it, I'm a cultural imperialist—an Aristotelian by way of Aquinas—and I'm not ashamed to want to impose it on others. That's what Jack and I are here to do: *drive a stake through the heart of Communism!*" Jack shifted in his chair, a little uneasy.

On the other hand, Bobbi and Lisa, the duo from Hermosa Beach, were riveted. Lisa, the blond, statuesque daughter, in spandex pants, seemed star-struck. "*Wow*," she said.

"Listen," she asked me in a hushed voice after dinner, "do you know where I can find an AA meeting in Warsaw? I don't *need* to go. I just like to sometimes."

EVERYTHING'S BETTER IN THE USA

Our first morning in Poland, Eva, our sweet, nervous guide, told us how Poland was always surrounded by enemies and had been invaded countless times. "You know what Poland's problem is?" said Bud, the Orange County entrepreneur, who relentlessly applied the tenets of American real estate to geopolitics. "Location. Location. Location."

Later, Lisa and Bobbi took Eva aside and had a heart-to-heart: *Eva, you're a lovely woman, but that silver eye shadow and brown lipstick have got to go.* They then initiated her into the elaborate cosmetic rites of California, putting Eva through a complete make-over. "I gave her cheekbones," said Lisa proudly.

That night at dinner, the leader of the Confederation for Independent Poland, Lescek Moczulski, droned on through the entire meal about domestic prices (rising) and industrial output (falling). During dessert, Diamond Gary stood up and asked a question. "Look, can I get off this micro subject and ask a macro question?" he said irritatedly. "Is there anybody in this country good at making money?"

After dinner a few of us went to a local disco. It was a dark and joyless place, with elevator music on the sound system, a few anemic flashing lights and a closet-size dance area. A few girls in black tights were morosely shuffling on the floor while their bell-bottomed boyfriends sat around smoking. Jack bemoaned the fact that Europeans produced such terrible rock 'n' roll. Jack is partial to the old-fashioned, hard-core, all-American version. Jack's only real quarrel with the conservative agenda seems to be that there is not enough fun in it. "Do you know Glenn Frey's 'Better in the USA'?," Jack asked me. "It's a *bitchin'* song." And then, in a disco in Warsaw, he sang it for us.

> They look to the East.
> They look to the West.
> The Third World wonders which way is best.
> We've got freedom; we've got soul.
> We've got blue jeans and rock-and-roll.
> It's better in the USA.

PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY'S OWN MARSHALL PLAN

Phyllis Schlafly has great posture. Her carriage is enhanced by her hairdo, a meticulous French roll in the shape of a Midgetman missile. While her daughter Ann has a wry manner, Phyllis doesn't have an ironic bone in her ramrod body. Ann is a professional cook, Phyllis is a professional antifeminist, and they joined us in Budapest.

Istvan, our Hungarian guide, did his best to please a group of capitalist crusaders: "That really *ugly* building over there is the Communist Party headquarters." In the old days Eastern European guides were flacks for the socialist way of life. Istvan did take us to one statue commemorating the Red Army, but "for the view, only," he said. This did not mollify Gary. "What the hell are we doing here?" he demanded. To register his contempt, he boycotted Istvan's lecture about the Russian liberators and instead marched off to urinate on the side of the monument.

LOOKED US UP AND DOWN AS IF WE WERE CHARACTERS FROM *DYNASTY*, TRYING TO GUESS OUR SECRET

We met Gaspar Tamas, a founder of Hungary's Alliance of Free Democrats, who spoke with a crisp English accent and could have played a boulevardier in a British drawing-room comedy. Gaspar was very gloomy. "You know," he said, rounding off his remarks, "I've been advised never to say 'There's no hope' to an American." Then he called Jack aside and put in the hook more smoothly than any Texas savings-and-loan officer. "Jack," he said, "there is a very important conference in Vienna; if I am to attend, I must have American currency...."

Phyllis heard this and immediately spearheaded a fundraising drive. Gaspar made a valiant attempt to appear sheepish about accepting money, but Phyllis pressed it on him. "The first of the American handouts to Eastern Europe," Bud grumbled.

SHOPPERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Bobbi and Lisa—the Girls, as some took to calling them—had been suffering acute shopping withdrawal. (Bobbi complained that she was running out of *outfits*.) But Budapest proved a veritable galleria. After a day at the stores, Lisa, a former cheerleader, broke into an exuberant cheer: "Give me an *S*," she chanted, jumping into the air. "Give me an *H*. Give me an *O*...."

At our last supper in Hungary, I found myself seated next to Mrs. Schlafly. About halfway through the meal, she turned

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to me, wagged a finger at my chest and said, "You deserve better." I was having a little trouble concentrating, because a gypsy waitress just behind Phyllis was dancing while balancing a bottle of wine on her head. All I had told Phyllis, who had for a decade quarterbacked the national STOP-ERA campaign, was that I was willing to change a diaper every now and then. "You deserve a woman who will stay at home, raise your children for you," she said. "If she's not willing to do that, then you don't want her. Do you understand?"

Bobbi was scooped up by the dancers for a kind of Hungarian tarantella, which she performed with great enthusiasm. Later she came over to Phyllis to borrow an emery board. Phyllis found one in her capacious bag, handed it to her and said, smiling, "You've lost *all* sense of propriety, my dear."

Jack, moved by the high-spiritedness, stood up and tapped his glass. "It was 1956," Jack said, "and I was 12 years old. I was watching television, and I saw the tanks rolling into Budapest and students throwing rocks—*rocks!*—at the tanks, and I thought, *I'm going to fuck these guys*—um, what I thought was, *Someday I'm going to do something about this.*"

A CLOSET LIBERAL FERRETS OUT A CLOSET COMMIE

After crossing the border into Romania, we sat down to an outdoor lunch by a muddy river on which a lone water-skier was slowly gliding. My tablemate was Ray Cline, a former deputy director of the CIA, a bluff, hobbitlike man with a Santa Claus beard. "I'm affiliated with the four most despised institutions on earth," Cline said by way of introduction. "Harvard, Oxford, the State Department and the CIA."

Also joining us was an earnest, mustachioed fellow from California named Bob, who eagerly declared that he had been a member of the John Birch Society since 1963. He announced that he had been fighting international Communism all his life but that this was his first trip outside North America. He had thoughtfully brought along with him one gross of American flags to dole out to the natives.

That night, at a smoky restaurant in the dismal city of Timisoara, we dined with a group of Romanians who seemed beaten down, depressed. (Romanian restaurants have two sections: smoking and chain-smoking.) "We are a sick people," the woman next to me said. "We've been living like animals." She brightened a bit when John Birch Bob presented her with an American flag and a ballpoint pen with the seal of California on it.

We set off the next day for a town called Sibiu. At one point, as we wandered the Transylvanian countryside, the bus pulled to a stop by the side of the road. A horse-drawn cart went trundling by. Suddenly, John Birch Bob leapt off the bus and gave chase. Seconds later, breathless, he thrust an American flag into the hand of the mystified wagon driver.

Sibiu was the hometown of the murderous Nicu Ceauşescu, son of Nicolae. My roommate in Sibiu was Ray Cline. I have an amateur's interest in espionage, and I asked Ray about the postwar British defectors—Kim Philby, Guy Burgess and their circle. "The British never vetted their people properly," Ray said blithely. "They relied on the old-boy network and family relationships." Then he raised one eyebrow and looked at me curiously. "What you do when you discover a double agent is," he said very slowly, enunciating each word carefully, "you wrap him in a cocoon so he can't hurt you." Perhaps I was being paranoid, but I informed Ray I had just remembered I'd left something in the lobby, and excused myself.

Our first morning in Sibiu, we talked with the newly elected National Salvation Front member representing Sibiu. (Jack, never an early riser, slept through the meeting.) The Front is basically an organization of former Communists who deposed Ceauşescu and now run the country. Wearing an Italian silk sweater and tinted sunglasses, the new MP, whose name was Romeo, could have played a hit man in *The Godfather.* He had an equally sinister-looking translator who actually called him Boss. Romeo told us he had worked for the government and that Nicu Ceauşescu was not as bad a fellow as people said.

I looked around in wonderment at my companions. It was obvious. This fellow was a Communist in slick capitalist clothing. But what were my friends doing? Lobbing him softball questions about inflation and privatization. For half the trip I'd felt more socialist than the Eastern European ex-Socialists, and now here I was, filled with more anti-Communist bile than my crusading anti-Communist companions.

"Isn't it true," I challenged Romeo, "that the Front is mainly composed of former Communists?" He responded disdainfully with a single word: "Foolishness." I looked around, ready for my freedom-loving fellow travelers to rise up in support against the oily provocations of Romeo. But all that happened was that someone raised his hand and said, "When do you expect your currency to be convertible?"

JOS COMMUNISMUL! JOS COMMUNISMUL!

Our hotel in Bucharest was the sleaze capital of a shabby city: money changers buttonholed you in the lobby, bellboys sniggered at you as you lugged your bags upstairs, prostitutes patrolled the halls.

In the lobby the morning after we checked in, an attractive but deeply unwashed woman in a red dress waved to Ray Cline. The former deputy director of the CIA gallantly blew her a kiss. A former operative? No, Ray explained that she had wandered into his room earlier and raised her dress over her

AFTER THE STORES IN BUDAPEST, LISA BROKE

head—the international sign for *Wanna date?* "She wanted a little quick sex, but at my age I don't have time for quick sex."

The first morning, we trooped off to see the U.S. ambassador to Romania, Alan Green, a hearty, heavyset fellow with a very red face. An old-line conservative from Portland, Green prefaced almost everything he said with the phrase "I'm just a businessman." He was upbeat about the situation and didn't seem to think the Front was so terrible. "You know, being a Communist in this country was the only way to get a job," he said.

One of our group, a fellow from Sweden, began a question by saying, "Well, you Americans messed up at Yalta..." Ambassador Green acted as if he'd been accused of child molestation. "Hey, wait," he said, raising his arms, "I wasn't even *near* Yalta." Conservatives, I discovered, never accept responsibility for something they didn't do with their own two hands.

That night a number of us headed over to University Square, the scene of the continuing demonstrations against the Salvation Front government. About 10,000 people were there. From

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a fourth-floor balcony lit by strobe lights, a young, bearded speaker was telling the restless crowd that the election had been stolen by the former Communists of the Salvation Front, and the mob agreed.

Earlier in the day, Jack and Lynn had got word of a dream-come-true: they were invited to speak, from the klieg-lit balcony high above the crowds, at the square that night. *Driving a stake through Communism, indeed!* (John Birch Bob heard about the invitation, figured one more American couldn't hurt and drafted his own remarks.) Despite the crush at the door leading up to the balcony, Jack, Lynn, John Birch Bob and I were ushered in when the students heard our American accents. The room next to the balcony was thick with long-haired young men in blue jeans smoking and talking. Free-Market Hippies. "This is a kick, isn't it?," Jack said.



"Kick Commie ass!," Jack exhorts the Romanian mob.

At about ten-thirty the speaker was telling people to calm down. "Don't give [President] Iliescu a chance to shoot you," he said, then motioned for Lynn and Jack to come outside. Suddenly, there was Lynn, in his navy-blue blazer and horn-rimmed glasses, in the spotlight. "The century of the Evil Empire is over," he began encouragingly. "And the Council for Inter-American Security is going to help you." Confused silence.

It was Jack's turn. He nervously bounced on the balls of his feet. He was wired. "In the eyes of history," he proclaimed into the microphone, "Marxism is dead. History is now on the side of democracy." Scattered cheers. Then he told them that the American people "did not like Ion Iliescu—his gang of Stalinists can go jump in the Black Sea." This got a roar. Then he raised his fist. "*JOS COMMUNISMUL* [Romanian for "Kick Commie ass"]*!*" Jack yelled again: "*JOS COMMUNISMUL!*" The crowd picked up the chant. "*JOS COMMUNISMUL!*"

When Jack finished, Lynn came out to embrace him. (John Birch Bob was waiting in the wings, but a Free-Market Hippie took the microphone.) Later, Jack and Lynn were very excited to learn that a CNN camera had been in the square.

LOVING THINE ENEMY AS THYSELF

We were bullish on Bulgaria. All except John Birch Bob. At the border station, he extended one of his American flags to the guard. The guard stared at it for a moment and then said simply, "No." It was Bob's first rejection, and he took it hard.

Sofia, Bulgaria's modern, charm-free capital, was our final stop. Having driven the stake, having danced on the grave, having said "We told you so" for almost a solid month, on our last night we took a long table in a fancy hotel restaurant to cast a backward glance. Next to us were two Englishmen at a small round table, one damp and snouty, the other old and lecherous—he was busy pawing a Bulgarian girl. During the course of the meal, the younger Englishman leaned toward our table and engaged Tom, the toy manufacturer from California, in conversation.

"So, are you businessmen?" He was red-faced, obviously tanked.

"Some of us," Tom said.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Well, we're sort of fact finding," Tom replied.

"You mean you're just businessmen, right?" A little more aggressive. Tom was silent.

"What you're doing here is raping the bloody country, aren't you?" he said, putting his red nose in Tom's face.

Tom could see this was heading in an unfortunate direction and said he preferred not to continue the conversation. "Well, if you don't want to talk to us," said the Englishman, standing up, "*fuck off*, then."

Tom, a quiet, burly man who had been a Marine in Korea, grabbed the Englishman and shoved him, sending him spinning for about ten feet.

We had spent weeks in Eastern Europe, and the first full-blown anti-American asshole we had encountered was *an Englishman*. The whole episode put our table in a fine humor. People gave toasts and reminisced about the trip.

Amid all the gloating, though, I detected a kind of mourning that last night in Sofia. Suddenly, with the transformations of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, these people didn't have the Commies to kick around anymore. For decades these men had been locked in psychological combat with the specter of Communism. Now their enemy had thrown in the towel. It was going to be awfully lonely without those bastards.

"FTC," Jack said, holding his glass aloft in a final toast. "*Fuck the Communists!*" he bellowed, and he drained his beer. But the spirit seemed to be lacking.

The Commies are gone, but there is a consolation. Eastern Europe, I realized that night, had become a kind of Stalinland theme park for visiting Americans. No more boorish, brutish Yankees; we are the enlightened models of democracy, the steadfast prophets of freedom, the inventors of money-market funds. The Russians are the new Ugly Americans.

It felt awfully grand to be an American in Eastern Europe. My colleagues and I never felt apologetic for the Stars and Stripes. So why go to France or England, where they barely deign to speak to us? Why trek to the Third World, where we're still loathed as big-footed imperialists? Come to Eastern Europe, where Americans can walk tall and not have to apologize for being businessmen out to make a buck—that's what these people *want*. Eastern Europe, I discovered, is the last place where Americans can really be Americans. We even dress better than they do. ❸

INTO AN EXUBERANT CHEER TO THE JOY OF SHOPPING: "GIVE ME AN *S*. GIVE ME AN *H*. GIVE ME AN *O*..."

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For three decades, HARRY BENSON has been taking not-altogether-flattering pictures of famous people in bed. Is this a peculiar obsession of the celebrated, or the work of an incredibly persuasive photographer? Or both?

POST-CARDS FROM THE Beds

"IF I CAN PHOTOGRAPH SOMEONE IN HIS bedroom," says Harry Benson, whose work has appeared in almost every major American and European publication and whose book *Harry Benson's People* will be published this spring, "then I feel I have weakened his resolve. I've gotten into the inner sanctum. And then, when you look at [the photograph], you can imagine all the things that have gone on in that room—all the *dreadful* things." Benson's first legendary photograph that featured a bed was his shot of the Beatles having a pillow fight in a hotel room in Paris in 1964 (*above*), and he has returned to the theme again and again. The people on the following pages have strong feelings about their beds. "Enlightened as your rivals may be," writes Helen Gurley Brown in *Having It All*, "do you suppose there's any comparison between *you* in [your] bed with your need to please...and other women in *their* narrow or fat little beds?" "You want to know about poverty? I'll tell you about poverty!," Ed Koch screamed to an interviewer in 1989. "My brother, Harold,



THE BEATLES

and I used to share a cot in the living room! *That's poverty.*" The photographs here showcase their subjects' more animal-like attributes: some (Leona Helmsley, Helen Gurley Brown, General Schwarzkopf) are theatrical and expectant, as if awaiting kibble-based treats; some (John Malkovich, Burt Reynolds) are languid and carnal, happy to luxuriate in their own musk; and some (Truman Capote, Margaret Whiting) are beached and immobile, separated from their pods. Beds, indeed, are the dominion of the id. Their cushiony expansiveness and sheer familiarity seem to prompt the pure expression of self; beds are couches without the responsibility. And yet, pictured on their beds, these celebrities seem a bit uncomfortable, almost as if they were burdened by the dreadfulness to which Benson refers. If he had wished to, Benson might have taken much more flattering photographs in the same setting, for bed is, after all, the place where so many people are at their very best: asleep.

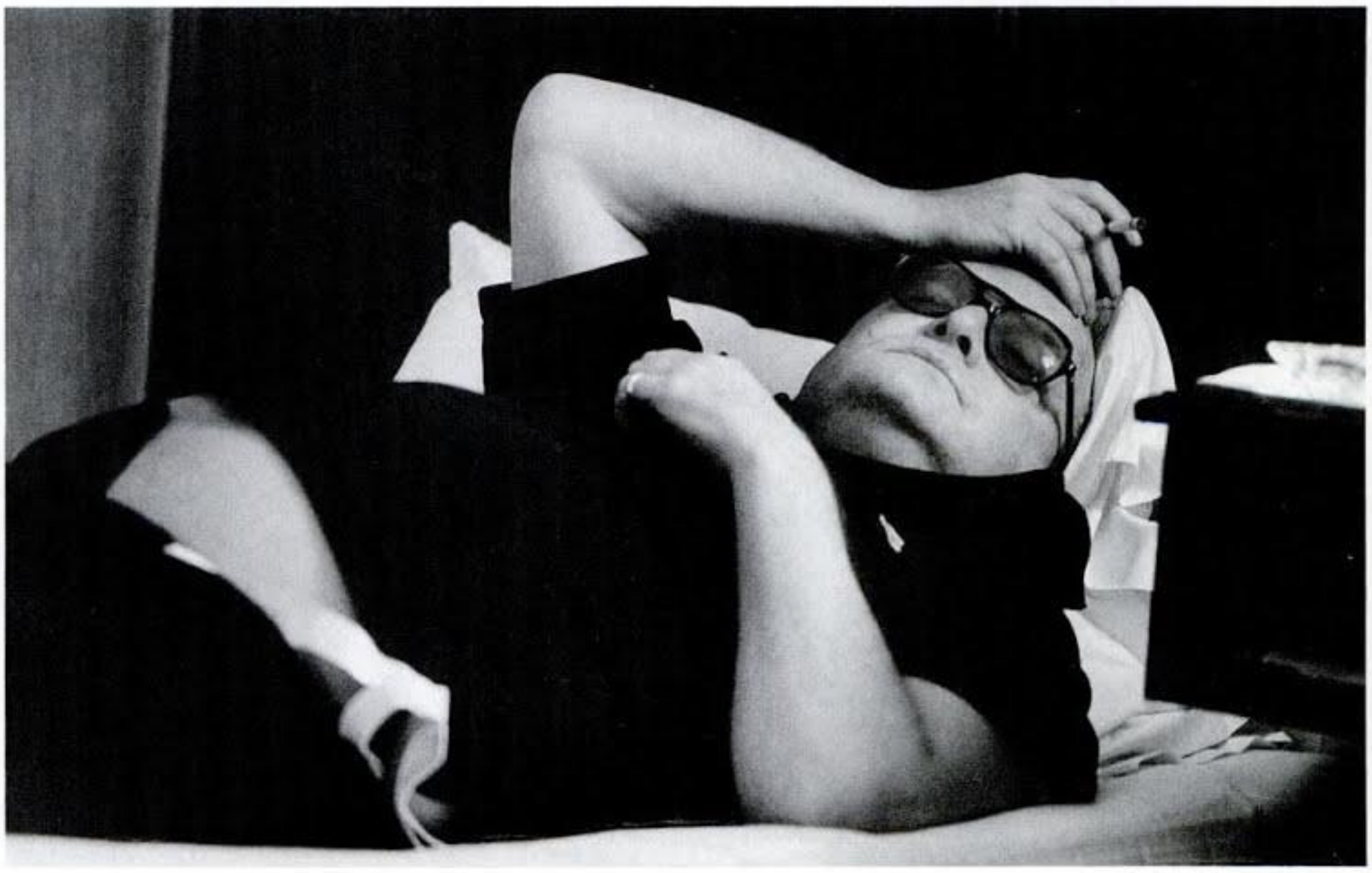
—*Henry Alford*

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HELEN GURLEY BROWN

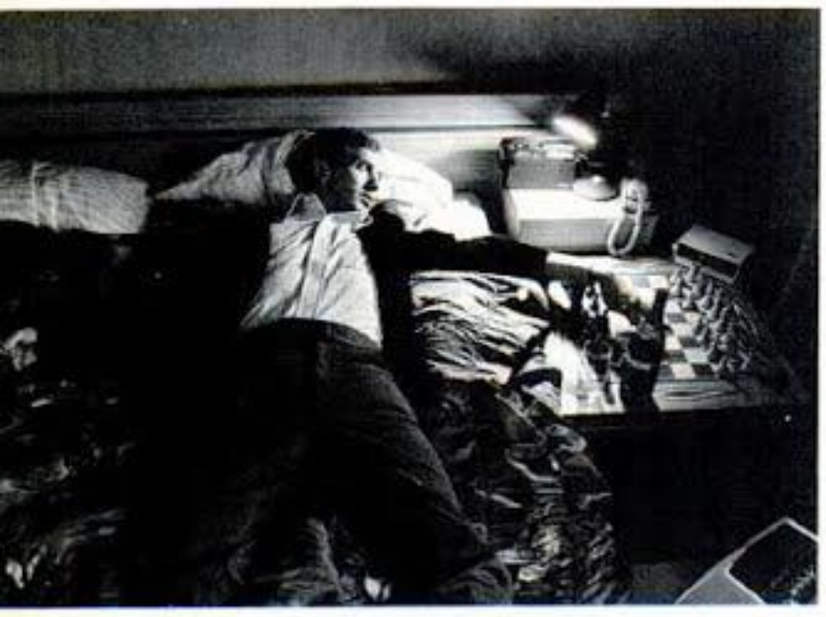
Brown has declared that "a delicately rosy, silky-satin, somehow innocent, always vulnerable erect penis is probably *the most fascinating object in the world."*



TRUMAN CAPOTE

Capote once saw a derelict sleeping beside a pier and said, "Oh, you're *not very inviting. You're Gore Vidal's type."*

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BOBBY FISCHER



LETITIA BALDRIGE



IAN SCHRAGER AND STEVE RUBELL



DIANE KEATON



FRED SAVAGE



DOLLY PARTON



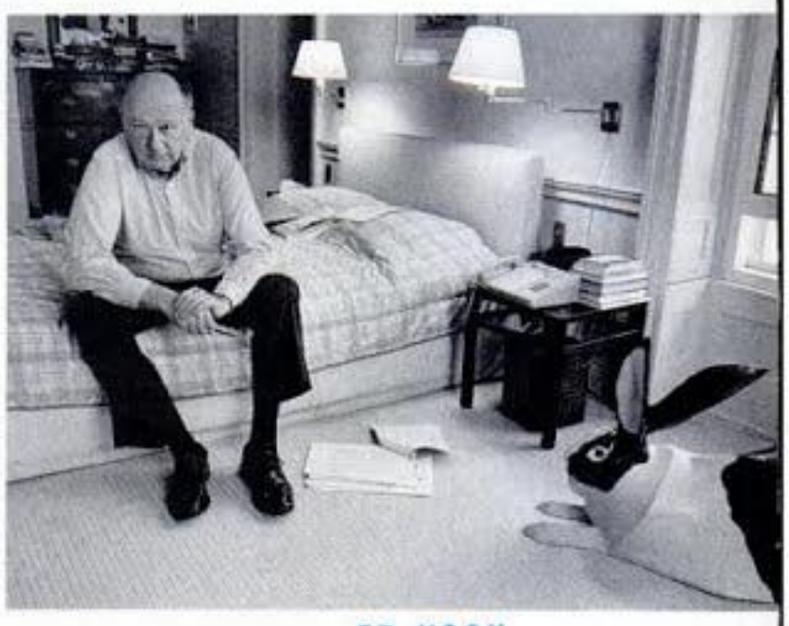
BARBARA WALTERS



CYNDI LAUPER



MARGARET WHITING AND JACK WRANGL



ED KOCH



PRINCE AND PRINCESS MICHAEL OF KE



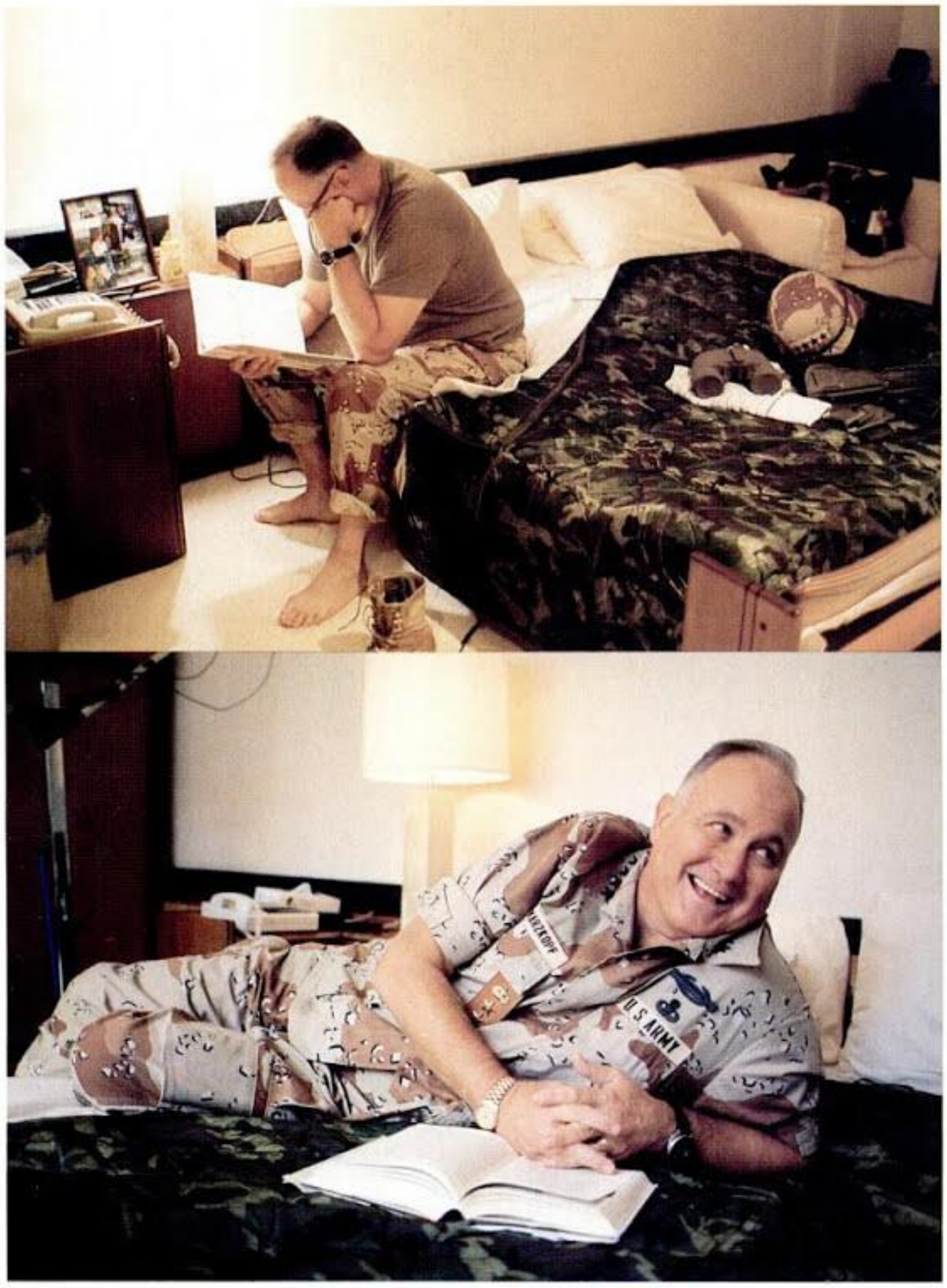
IRVING MANSFIELD

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JOHN MALKOVICH

Malkovich once told People, *"My idea of fun is to stay home and stain a piece of furniture."*

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GENERAL H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

The commander of the U.S. forces in the Persian Gulf

HALSTON



BURT REYNOLDS

Reynolds has said, "I know how to work hard, and how to play hard, but I've never learned to relax."







LEONA HELMSLEY



JERRY FALWELL

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Pseudo-French pseudoplayboy JOE QUEENAN checks out the clothes, has a manicure, sends faxes, hounds the help and uses the putting green at Bergdorf Goodman's swanky, elaborate new store *pour l'homme.*

Let's MEET AT MY CLUB—I'LL BE OVER NEAR FOOTWEAR



The brochure, *left,* and "M. Forrestier," *right*

WHEN NEW YORK'S haute clothing retailer Bergdorf Goodman opened its "ultimate store for gentlemen" late last summer, it implored its clientele to think of it not as a department store but, well, as a "familiar, time-honored club: a masculine, elegant place where busy executives can feel comfortable." Plush armchairs, stately fireplaces, fine woodwork, solicitous personnel and even a tiny putting green would all enable the harried plutocrat to take refuge from his cares. And yet time and the markets do not stand still. So Bergdorf would provide an office suite with complimentary fax machines, telephones, quotrons, a secretary and a computer. Cellular telephones would be available on all floors.

Since membership in a men's club—actually, in any organization that could be called both masculine and elegant—has always eluded me, I turned up at Bergdorf Goodman Men and moved in. Fragments of the store's brochure—my helpful guide—are reprinted below.

> G[illegible]ed environment in which [illegible]gdorf Goodman Men was conceived to be a special haven for the man with a busy agenda. It is a men's club as much as it is a store and every effort has been made to ensure that men feel comfortable and at ease, whether in serious search for a new suit or just casually

AS A SELF-EMPLOYED WRITER whose wardrobe runs mostly to sweatshirts and well-used basketball shoes, I feared that if I presented myself at my new club without some modification of my appearance—and even my identity—the generous welcome the store offered me in full-page ads in *The New York Times* might be revoked. Therefore, I was attired in traditional Euro-investor garb (dark sport coat, excessively pressed blue jeans, blue Jermyn Street shirt with French cuffs, Hermès tie, burgundy loafers and an inexpensive Swatch that I wore, insufferably, over the cuff of my shirt) when I reported to the concierge's desk at the understatedly elegant 58th Street entrance. My hair was moussed straight back in the style of all French *hommes d'affaires.* Identifying myself as Jean-Michel Forrestier, I seized an understatedly elegant phone to let my girl Aimée know where I could be reached. This call was not strictly necessary since Aimée, a member of the SPY editorial staff who was my girl only for purposes of this experiment, knew perfectly well of my whereabouts. I then asked the concierge to arrange for a limousine to pick me up at 3:00 p.m. and ferry me to the Gotham Bar & Grill. It was now time to find an oversize armchair on the well-appointed second floor and begin studying the *Financial Times.*

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I prowled through the pink sheet, as we call it on the Continent, without interruption, and to all in my vicinity, I believe, I appeared to be basking in this civilized respite from the pressure and pace of my hectic schedule. No one fussed or fretted as I pulled out my microcassette recorder and made comments in horrendous French about British mutual funds and the decision by Waterford Wedgwood to move part of its manufacturing operations out of Ireland. I was so undisturbed that I might have napped, spreading the paper over my face, but I knew that the traditional time for such things at a men's club was after lunch.

IN TIME, I marched downstairs, past row upon row of traditional, natural-shoulder clothing by a heralded young designer who seemed to me, and to the Bergdorf Goodman Men brochure, to have an uncanny eye for mixing color and texture. I asked a clerk for a telephone.

"You can use the phone right on the counter," he assured me, but I waved him away. "Zis is a bit of a private matter, and I need a secure line," I indicated in an accent that would have made Peter Sellers gag. He nodded in a conspiratorial manner and escorted me to an empty portion of the boutique, where he produced a cellular phone, on which he politely dialed my number. I thanked him, and when my girl Aimée picked up the receiver, I barked, loud enough to be heard a few feet away, "I want Jean-Claude or Pierre-Louis to take a look at Marks & Spencer's UK Select Portfolio. It's trading at 84.64; I am interested in it at 83.72. But no higher—83.72. Ho-kay?" The clerk was clearly impressed, and I suspect that within minutes his international broker received a similar call from this very spot.

SOME OF BERGDORF'S adroit purveyors of uncommon haberdashery were starting to give me the once-over, so I figured it might be a good idea to purchase some understated furnishings, accessories or both. I stepped into the sock department. A protracted discussion of anomalies in continental–American sock-size equivalencies ended with my purchase of a marked-down pair of Giorgio Armani hose and some fire-engine-red Hanro Eurobriefs that were the size of an audiocassette.

The saleswoman was impressed when I hurled the change from my crisp $100 bill disdainfully into an oversize Bergdorf Goodman bag. Just then, a youth burst in.

"Jean-Mi! Jean-Mi!" he exclaimed, his mock urgency having produced the real thing in the concierge who led him. "These forms—you must sign right away!"

I signed, and then with a wave of my hand I dispatched him to return to the ostentatious offices of SPY, chagrined, no doubt, that our little ruse did not allow him to remain longer in this world of quiet, masculine refinement. But then, what would a club be if just anyone could repose there indiscriminately?

Where the personal service and attention in other stores end, Bergdorf Goodman begins. Attention to detail, especially with regard to service, is the cornerstone on which Bergdorf Goodman Men was built.

I GLIDED THROUGH the second floor, where a lavish selection of suits by Brioni and Hickey-Freeman and Oxxford were on display, and some salesmen quite understandably associated my presence in their departments with a desire to buy something. They were mistaken. I did ask in the salon if I could have a manicure before lunch, and a shampoo and haircut afterward. While I waited, Nelfa, a Colombian hairdresser who had spent nine years in Stockholm, tried to figure out my accent.

"You're from Sweden, right?"

"No," I said, alarmed that my French accent was that bad. But what can one expect from a Colombian hairdresser who has spent nine years in Stockholm?

"Germany?" she inquired.

"No."

"I know," she brightened. "Australia."

I assured her that I was not from the land down under but from Southern Morocco. "I am a *pied-noir*, one of the very few white people from Southern Morocco," I explained. "You know . . . zee war . . ."

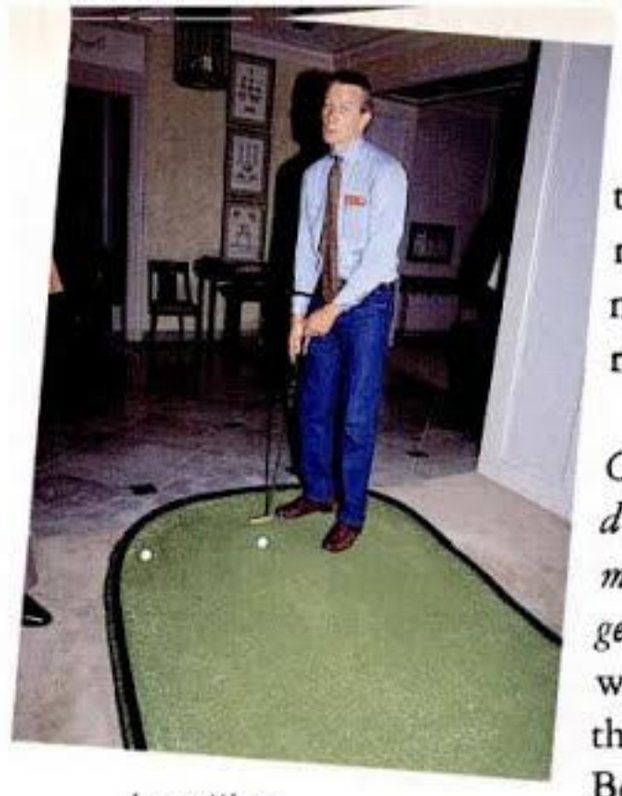
I paid for the manicure with a crisp $100 bill, leaving Lali, the Soviet manicurist, a big tip, and disdainfully hurled the change into my shopping bag. Everyone was impressed.

IT WAS NOW TIME for lunch in the Cafe 745. After coffee and pastry, I paid for the *casse-croûte* with a crisp $100 bill and, as had become my habit, threw the change disdainfully into my shopping bag. After a few minutes of futilely trying on berets, I reported to the putting green, where a salesman who doubled as the house golf pro gave me a brief lesson.

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"You just want to roll the ball on a line toward the hole," said the convivial chap, contradicting everything I'd been told at the Jack Nicklaus Academy of Golf in Orlando 18 months earlier. When he told me to address the ball, I very nearly launched into my Édouard Norton imitation ("*Bonjour, la balle*"). I resisted this urge and stiffly battle-axed the ball, missing the hole widely.

"That's good," said the pro. "The important thing is not to get caught up in all the mechanics." I was discouraged by my performance, but I consoled myself with the thought that a Frenchman who played golf well would just arouse suspicion.



Le putting

and our sales staff has been trained to respond to all requests. Should a man stain his tie at lunch, he may come in for a loaner while we dry-clean his soiled one. A proper coat check is provided, and we think enough

I WAS NOW READY for my 2:00 p.m. haircut—but first nipped into the café long enough to drip coffee all over the tail of my Hermès tie. Reporting to the quietly elegant salon, I explained that the tie badly needed cleaning. *À toute vitesse.*

"You can hardly see it," protested the manicurist, but I explained that the tie belonged to my brother-in-law, who had a keen eye for spots, and that I really had to insist on its being cleaned. Disappointingly, no one offered to let me wear a "loaner" as promised. Ten minutes later the tie, now stainless, was returned to me.

Nelfa, the voluble hairdresser, told me my hair had been butchered the last time it had been cut, and that I put too much "grease" on it. I explained that I had spent two months in a remote, heavily wooded region of France recently.

"You are an archaeologist?" she asked.

"Real estate," I countered. I did not elaborate. She asked if I lived in New York. "I live a leetle bit here, a leetle bit zayr," I explained. I paid for the haircut with a crisp $100 bill, then hurled the change into my shopping bag—disdainfully.

available if needed. On the second floor, an office suite allows access to private telephone lines, a receptionist, secretarial services, a personal computer and a fax machine. Portable telephones are available should a customer need to make

I MADE YET ANOTHER call on a cellular phone—informing my girl Aimée that I liked Wal-Mart at 37. I then reported to Kimberley Kiss, the charming young woman who ran the Bergdorf "office." Earlier she had gregariously helped me fax a clipping from the *Financial Times* to Aimée. I had told Aimée to fax back the previous day's foreign stock closings in *The Wall Street Journal*, and I asked Ms. Kiss if this communication had arrived. It had, but as I checked the overhead stock ticker outside her office I was dismayed to see that UAL had taken another nasty tumble. Perturbed, I asked Ms. Kiss if I could borrow her NEC personal computer to jot down some important investment notes to myself. She created a file, showed me how to use the computer and left the room while I wrote the following:

C'est vraiment merveilleux. Je suis en train d'ecrire cette histoire sur un ordinateur qui m'a ete prete par Bergdorrrff Goodman. Ces gens sont vraiment tres sympa. [This is really wonderful. I am in the process of writing this story on a computer lent to me by Bergdorrrff Goodman. These people are really great.]

When I finished, I asked her to print out a hard copy and destroy the file. She did, though I was somewhat annoyed to see that she had read what I had written on the screen. Oh, well, *c'est la vie.* I now requested a personal wardrobe consultation with the appropriate individual.

"*I'm* the wardrobe consultant," beamed the multifaceted, enormously cooperative Ms. Kiss.

"I am not so sure about zis tie," I confessed, fingering with displeasure the Hermès neckwear that only minutes before had been the object of so much solicitude. "A lot of people say it does not go with my blue eyes."

"It looks great," she said. "It's a classic look."

"You t'ink it looks all right?"

"It looks fine," she reiterated. "You have *very good* taste."

These words, sadly unfamiliar to my ears, aroused in me a feeling of devotion and respect toward Ms. Kiss that could only be described as love. However, it was getting close to limo pickup time, so I hastened downstairs.

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"MR. FORRESTIER," the concierge informed me, "your car is waiting. It's No. 47. It's parked right outside on Fifth Avenue."

I "t'anked" everyone and made my way to the door. I was sorry to be saying goodbye to my club, but I knew I would always be welcome here, free to putt, to fax, to get my tie cleaned, free to receive a complimentary wardrobe consultation with a distinguished haberdashery professional, free to read the paper in a big leather club chair and free to make unlimited phone calls. Masculine and elegant, Bergdorf Goodman Men would serve me just the way White's and the Garrick in London and the Jockey Club in Paris have always served their members: as a civilized, fraternal alternative to the office and to home. And my club also offers so much more. Just try to buy Armani socks at White's! ◗

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PLAY IT AGAIN, TOM

Has the progenitor of New Journalism become old hat?

BY HUMPHREY GREDDON

Tom Wolfe, author of *Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine*, among other books, is an energetic and imaginative reporter. He possesses an often witty prose style. True, his taste for white suits is horrifying, especially since he considers himself a dandy (unaware, perhaps, that Beau Brummell wore dark brown and black), but Wolfe has consistently displayed genius over the quarter century of his fame. He has some hobbyhorses, however, and one often wishes that, as they rust, he would turn his agile mind to fresh material. No one who has read him and followed his interviews could have been surprised by his essay in *Harper's* about the modern novel. He's been saying the same thing—over and over and over—for 20 years. No one at all familiar with his work who read the cover story on him in *Esquire* this fall could have been surprised by his remarks there about status. He has been saying the same thing—over and over and over—for 20 years. And even when he recently wrote a lighthearted article for *House & Garden*, one heard an irritating, persistent squeak as Wolfe repeated a too-well-loved idea.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Wolfe considers himself an amateur architecture critic, in the style of his aesthetic soulmate Charles "I'm Thinking as Fast as I Can" Windsor. For *HG*, he wrote the text that accompanied photographs of a townhouse owned by Eddie Hayes, the streetwise Irish lawyer on whom Wolfe based the character of Tommy Killian in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and who became the attorney for the Warhol estate. Wolfe luxuriated in self-satisfaction as he described for this status-obsessed magazine the house of someone whose modest fame he himself had created; nevertheless, he took time to give us some history: "The Museum of Modern Art was the American missionary outpost of Europe's Bauhaus movement, which became known locally as the International Style. The Bauhausers' doctrinaire ban on ornament..." Here we go again. Starting 20 years ago when he made fun of the famously uncomfortable leather-and-steel chair designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Wolfe has been on the case of those beatnik modern European architects with their nutty, far-out theories. In 1981 he wrote a best-selling book mocking them (*From Bauhaus to Our House*), and he has pursued the issue in countless lectures and interviews. *The Painted Word*, which he wrote in 1975, had used exactly the same intellectual template to discuss painting. Not unpredictably, then, the point of the story in *HG* was to praise Eddie Hayes for bringing in stoneworkers and bricklayers and tile masons to add highly wrought decoration to his house. Wolfe bewailed the scarcity of similar patrons. As if no one had ever heard his call before, and as if everyone but he—mentally stalwart in the manner of Captain Kirk—were still brainwashed to like only denuded white spaces, Wolfe once again sounded the alarm about those insidious Bauhausians and their "ban on ornament."

Perhaps Wolfe would never revisit this subject if he simply turned to the



ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

Illustrations by Natasha Lessnik

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story in *HG* that followed his. He would see a room described as a "light-filled gallery, rich in architectural and decorative flourishes," and a page or two later he would see eighteenth-century English paneling; a page later, twisted gilt curtain poles. And then, slowly, to minimize the shock, Wolfe could look at the rest of the magazine. Not a Mies chair in sight.

At least Wolfe has strongly held opinions. Writing about MTV in *Esquire*, Michael Hirschorn asked a question: "Has MTV hastened the end of Western civilization...?" And he answered it: "Almost certainly not." No reckless assertions here! I suppose Hirschorn thought that, where the end of Western civilization is concerned, a wait-and-see attitude is always best.

I wonder if Richard Locke—the first editor of the revived *Vanity Fair*, back in its commercially unsuccessful, pre–Tina Brown days—went to Oxford. I imagine he did, for he wrote the following sentence in his adoring *Wall Street Journal* review of a collection of profiles by Kenneth Tynan: "This is pure Oxford Union debating style, the reductive certainty, the flashing dichotomy, the precise wit that runs to paradox and aphorism." Surely Locke's detailed knowledge of the habits of mind on display at the Oxford Union is due to his personal familiarity with that institution—and yet his description has the ring of complete fantasy, the typical swooning over anything English by an American with literary pretensions. Oxford! Why, when 19-year-olds at *Oxford* debate, they must surely employ flashing dichotomy and precise wit that runs to paradox and aphorism.

Is anyone else worried about John J. O'Connor, the daily TV critic for *The New York Times*? If watching television rots the mind, what does writing about it do? Reviewing a dramatization of the Charles Stuart murder case, O'Connor wrote, "Like most other docudramas, [*Good Night, Sweet Wife*] bobs and weaves in a manner that a good many students of the form find troubling." Students of the form? The form of the docudrama? Scary. Of course, O'Connor's critic reflex may have involuntarily twitched out a long, pseudoserious, quintessentially *Times*ian phrase where one word—the difficult word *is*, as in "is troubling"—would have served perfectly. Still, we cannot ignore other warning signs. Of *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, O'Connor wrote, "This one was, in the words of one executive, going to hit the ground running. It didn't, at least not right away." In other words, that utterly unremarkable show may become an instant hit—in a little while. And O'Connor devoted a big piece to proving his bold, controversial thesis that "TV Sitcoms Do Little for the Education Crisis." He actually wrote the sentence "Mr. Reynolds [he means Burt] is back in top form." And *twice* recently he has almost giddily discussed Steven Bochco's interest in urine. Scary.

Really, Nancy Collins is at just about the same level in the celebrity food chain as Debra Winger, isn't she? One is a middle-aged movie-magazine writer, the other a beautiful, sultry, talented movie star—so, yes, one is about as fascinating as the other, especially if you consider that the movie magazine is *Vanity Fair*. (*Vanity Fair* is the print equivalent of MGM in the old days.) Just in case we were confused on this issue, however, and thought that possibly Nancy Collins was less important than Debra Winger, Nancy Collins began her profile of Winger like this:

> It is Friday night when the phone rings in my apartment in New York.
>
> "Hi, it's Debra. I'm in town."
>
> "How are you?"
>
> "I'm having an identity crisis."
>
> "Could you save it until tomorrow so we can get it on tape?"

"Debra" calls Nancy, and Nancy gets the best lines! You know, actually, maybe Collins is *more* important than Winger.

In Rick Hornung's review of *Outrage: The Story Behind the Tawana Brawley Hoax* for *The Village Voice*, he criticized the authors for their supposed claim to have found "THE TRUTH, as if there could be one unified account of this sad epic." *Uh-oh!* readers gulped. *Here comes a* Rashomon *reference!* "...As in *Rashomon*, point of view was more important, and more revealing, than narrative." Whenever writers wish to make the commonplace observation that different people see things differently, they seem to think that mentioning *Rashomon* will at least make the idea sound exotic. They also hope to imply that among their many other fascinating, rarefied qualities is a profound appreciation of Japanese film, even—or especially—if they are not film critics. Luckily for journalists, no subject is immune to this treatment. Rudolf Bing's divorce? "A New York version of 'Rashomon,'" according to Marianne Yen of *The Washington Post*. The Joel Steinberg case? "More realities than 'Rashomon,'" says Patricia Volk in *The New York Times Magazine*. In December's *Vanity Fair*, Paul Rosenfield describes Hollywood's preoccupation with foretelling how and whether CAA chairman Mike Ovitz will replace MCA chairman Lew Wasserman. "Overnight," Rosenfield writes, "the club game became Rashomon." (This is an interesting refinement of the cliché, referring as it does to people's differing perceptions of an event *that hasn't even happened*.) Describing the approach of a book about Walter, John and Anjelica Huston, the ubiquitous omnicritic David "Son of Sontag" Rieff offered a new coinage modestly. The book, he wrote, uses "what might be called the 'Rashomon' method of biographical narration." Leslie Gelb, former second to Cyrus Vance at the State Department and now Op-Ed editor at *The New York Times*, had such confidence in the startling freshness of his *Rashomon* analogy that he thought he had better take nothing for granted. In a piece about Panama, Gelb observed interestingly that "Americans operate by the law of noncontradiction. That is, you can't have two truths in the same place at the same time." Then, as day follows night, came this: "'Rashomon,' a 1951 Japanese film, shows just how natural it is to have many truths, as four characters tell four..." Why is it always *Rashomon* and never *The Seven Samurai*? "As in *The Seven Samurai*, it rained a lot."

So brief was its presence in theaters that you may be wondering what Peter Bogdanovich's comeback-sequel-flop *Texasville* was like. Well, according to Texas-born pundit and essayist Liz Smith, wearing her ten-gallon film-critic hat, it was like "seeing *Twin Peaks* in an open-air drive-in in the no man's land that is Route 80 between Fort Worth and El Paso." Those canny Texans—*open-air* drive-ins. *Shoot*, as Liz herself might say, *there's a notion.*

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. The funny bear in question is *Poob*. Put him back inside *wee*, which is another word for tiny, and you have *whoopee*, which is a kind of trick cushion. A Whoo Pee cushion's something that you slip under someone's seat, and when that person sits down on that cushion, it makes—let's not mince words—a fart noise. *Plppppppp*, something like that. Lately a biography was published of A. A. Milne, who wrote the Winnie-the-Pooh books. This biography made it clear that those books, cherished by me as a lad, exploited Christopher Milne, the author's son. And Christopher Robin looked so cute in the illustrations. Even whimsy may well entail drawing blood, often the author's own flesh and.

11. *Taxi piled* rearranged ("helter-skelter").

15. *Ivan* backward, running into *gator* to give us one who plots a course ("plotter").

18. *In Si's tent*.

21. To *couch* is to express.

25. In depictions of eternal torment, the hands-on devils are generally shown having a wonderful time. In truth, the work probably grows tiresome. Setting up essentially the same gags over and over, like writing a TV series in its third year. Or first. No doubt there's pressure to keep coming up with fresh wrinkles, but not too fresh—"What's that? Look, if it's over their heads, these people are *not* going to suffer from it." The damned keep getting more and more jaded and the imps struggle to come up with more and more violence and weirdness until they lose all sense of what they are up to—the David Lynch syndrome. At any rate, don't think the ordinary guy on the line gets to fuck with Roy Cohn or Mussolini. The big damned souls get minimum-security deals, or they're trusties. Would hell be fair?

DOWN

2. *Box on* rearranged ("somehow"), plus *IOUs*.

3. A bit of a bloom.

4. *CE* after *sixteen* rearranged. Perhaps "Common Era" would be a better clue (than "civil engineer"), since that term and its abbreviation, *C.E.*, seem to be replacing *Anno Domini*, or *A.D.* Scholars are also saying *B.C.E.*, for *Before Christian Era*, instead of *B.C.*, for *Before Christ*. What Jesse Helms makes of all this, I can only imagine.

5. Any word beginning in *Bo* seems an obvious opportunity for reference to Bo Jackson, but I have an aversion to "Bo knows" jokes. Recently—because I am curious to know what it is like to do things toward which I have an aversion—I posed, along with other comedy writers, in a fashion shoot for another magazine. There we were, cooling our heels for hours watching one another submit to all sorts of menswear indignities for no money and extremely dubious recognition, and the guy in charge of the session put us even more deeply in our place by telling us how Bo Jackson had behaved when he finally agreed to submit to being photographed for the cover of the magazine. Bo walked in the door of the studio and, without saying a word, held up five fingers. In fact, he loosened up and gave them ten minutes, and then he was out of there. Bo knows posing.

18. An incubus is male, because the word comes from the Latin "to lie upon," and a succubus is female, from "lie under." There's a good line in the movie *Strictly Dishonorable*, which Preston Sturges wrote the play for. A judge says to a sprightly young woman, "That's immoral." She replies, "I read in a book of psychology that there's only one thing that's really immoral." "And what is that?" "Oh Lordy," she replies, "I forgot."

20. *Latin* and *Cu* (copper), "wild."

24. *A* plus *X* plus *10* plus *M*. What's axiomatic anymore? What statement can possibly hold up as reliably true, as time goes by? Well, a kiss (even if it is X in a puzzle) is still a kiss, a sigh is still a sigh. In his commentary on *The Book of J*, Bloom speculates about how, exactly, Yahweh went about breathing "the wind of life" into "a mud pie or clay figurine" to create Adam: "Does Yahweh set his mouth to the earthling's nostrils, or is this a nostril-to-nostril inspiriting? The question is grotesque, and perhaps unnecessary, since Yahweh works up close and either way kisses us, even if Eskimo-fashion." Here's looking at you, kid.



PAWN IN THEIR GAME

The next time you think crime is running rampant, remember: the cops got Arkady Flom. You know—the chess player

BY SCOTT YATES

CRIME

There are 7 million stories in the Naked City, we've been told, and about 18.1-million in the Greater Naked Metropolitan Area. Every once in a while, it seems, Franz Kafka reaches out from the grave to write one of them.

Arkady Flom is a perfectly benign 64-year-old grandfather from Brighton Beach, Brooklyn. He was born in the Soviet Union, served in the Red Army at the end of World War II, worked on a farm most of his life and had to struggle to win permission to emigrate. He obtained that permission in 1979 so he could come to America to receive treatment for a heart condition, one that afflicts him to this day. He still speaks English poorly and with a heavy accent. Until one day two years ago, an ordinary day during one of the hottest summers in New York City history, Arkady Flom's was a quiet life, its greatest turmoil long since past.

Flom's favorite diversion was playing chess. Several times a week, when Flom didn't have to see a doctor about his heart condition, he would take the subway to midtown and play chess on the sidewalk of 42nd Street near the New York Public Library, much as old men

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have been doing in New York for a century. On that hot day, a Tuesday, his chess-playing days ended with an incident that Flom describes as "one for a million."

Flom arrived at 42nd Street around 11:00 a.m. and, as was his custom, took a seat at one of the tables to await a partner. Soon a clean-cut young man approached; without much conversation, the two began to play.

Flom, by his own estimation, is no grand master, but he plays well; still, he found it somewhat surprising to dispense with his challenger in just a few minutes. The young man played so poorly that Flom proposed a deal: if the two would play again, Flom would give his opponent some pointers in exchange for $2. The fellow agreed, they set up the pieces, and Flom described the knight fork and other gambits. Twenty minutes later Flom had his opponent in checkmate. As agreed, the fellow paid his money; then, as soon as Flom pocketed the cash, the clean-cut young man informed the pensioner that he was under arrest. All at once, a team of New York City's finest—at least four officers—swooped down on Flom from several directions, slapped him in handcuffs and read him his rights. Arkady Flom was under arrest for promoting gambling in the second degree and for possession of a gambling device, his chess set.

He was loaded into a paddy wagon and cuffed to a chain. Soon he was joined by other public menaces; the wagon became so crammed that when it stopped, everyone inside tumbled on top of one another. After five hours at the precinct house, he was moved to a city jail, where he was pushed into a holding pen so crowded that there was no room for him to sit. The small cell was not air-conditioned. Flom says he pleaded for water; only after several hours was he given some, in a cup "not even clean enough for dogs." Worst of all, the police took away his heart medication, the pills he is required to take three times a day.

Flom spent all Tuesday evening in the packed cell. That night he was allowed to place his one phone call. He called his relatives. Having been read his Miranda rights only in English, the old émigré did not understand that he was allowed an attorney, and the idea did not occur to Flom's relatives. Nor did they come to get him out.

At 1:00 a.m. on Wednesday, Flom and 15 other prisoners were shipped to another city jail. There he remained throughout the day. That night, after 30 hours in custody, Flom became overwhelmed by a heart seizure and was finally taken to a hospital. He was examined by a physician, who instructed police to give the old man his medicine.

Flom was returned to a smaller cell, a single-person unit that he was forced to share with another inmate; at least it had a concrete bench for him to sit on. On Thursday he was taken to court. His appearance before the judge lasted two minutes. Flom's court-appointed defender asked the judge to dismiss the charges for factual insufficiency, commenting, "The cop must be out of the academy for two days." The judge quickly agreed, ruling that proof of gambling was not spelled out clearly in the complaint.

The proceeding zoomed past Flom. When everyone stopped talking, he spoke up. The official transcript captures his confusion: "They arrest me for 48 hours. I am a very sick man. I got two heart attacks. I told them and now I got—they arrested me. I am not a gambler. I play chess 40 years. I never was a gambling. They put my case now—what does this mean?"

"I think you ought to talk to your lawyer," the judge replied. And with that, Arkady Flom's first bout with American justice came to an end. Flom now has an attorney of his own, a chess player who frequently represents Russian-speaking clients. He has filed a wrongful-arrest suit on Flom's behalf against the city. For their part, the police say they were just acting on complaints about the chess players along the crowded street. The cops also thought that since money had changed hands, it was gambling.

When Flom was finally released, he went home by cab rather than take the subway as he usually does. "I had chest pains," he says, "and I didn't go to the bathroom all day." His doctor says Flom's heart condition has grown much worse, and he hasn't played chess since the day of his arrest.

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CRUSHED BY NOBODIES

Twice a year, TV's VIPs mollycoddle the reporters they loathe



BY ROBERT MACKENZIE

Dance "Da Butt" with CBS Broadcast Group president Howard Stringer! Be addressed as "asshole" by Whoopi Goldberg! As everyone knows, there are many free lunches, open bars and cruises to the Cayman Islands available for hardworking journalists; but there's only one biannual (January and July), two-and-a-half-week, all-expenses-paid trip to L.A. for TV reporters and critics from around the country—only one press junket where they get to mingle with industry VIPs (who ordinarily wouldn't return their phone calls), preview new shows and file exotically datelined copy promoting those shows.

TV

In olden days the networks picked up the tab entirely, even staking guests the occasional hundred bucks to hit the racetrack when things got slow. Eventually they realized fluff-hungry papers would spring for the airfare and hotel bill, and that all they had to cough up was the food and drink, a dazzling array of parting gifts (logo-emblazoned T-shirts, mugs, tote bags; books by Jackie Collins), and a parade of quasi-interesting celebrities (Patty Duke) and preoccupied executives (god-of-NBC Brandon Tartikoff).

The 100-odd members of the august Television Critics Association, of course, cannot be bought. Many, however, can be rented for a few weeks, provided there's a fleet of stretch limos ready to deliver them to a free dinner at Spago. It's an epic con, even by the standards of Hollywood journalism, and the likes of Tom Shales steer clear of this event. Tragically, the ongoing union troubles at the New York *Daily News* kept strange, ancient Kay Gardella away in July; the others had to do without her always intriguing press-conference questions ("Were those *live* corpses?" she asked one year, after screening the Auschwitz scenes in *War and Remembrance*). Indeed, the biggest fish on hand were the unassuming Matt Roush of *USA Today* and *New York Times* TV reporter Bill Carter, who is the spiritual leader of a clique of ratings-obsessed nerds whom their slapdash peers have unaffectionately dubbed "the Mensa Men."

"Hi, Bill!," Connie Chung chirped when Carter asked a question during her press conference; no one asked why a *Times*man had traveled 3,000 miles to talk to a network star he could probably lunch with any day of the week in New York. At the Mensa table during a CBS lunch, an understandably impressed Eric Mink of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* saluted Howard Stringer and called him "Captain."

Days are filled with interminable conferences with the producers and talent. Complete transcripts of these mass interviews are made available later, ensuring that dozens of virtually identical stories full of insinuations of exclusivity—"As Ms. Fawcett told me..."—appear nationwide in the months to follow.

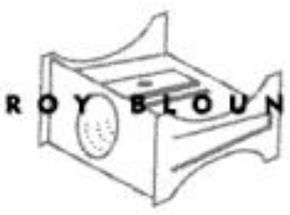
At night there are wacky theme parties (*bowling night!*) where family men from the Midwest can be seen sniffing at starlets in push-up lingerie. At a *Twin Peaks* fete last summer, a pack of reporters hovered for hours around Sherilyn Fenn, begging to know if she could really knot a cherry stem with her tongue. This is an example of the ritual that network publicists call "being crushed by nobodies."

When Peter Weller spotted one of those nobodies seated near him at a dinner, he became enraged. "I don't want anyone at my table I don't know," he hissed at a columnist from the New York Times Syndicate. "And I don't know you." After describing a project called *When the Swelling Goes Down* (don't ask), lovable old Mickey Rooney mouthed the words "Fuck you" to a critic whose questions he didn't like.

No, it isn't all fun and games. But ground-breaking journalism rarely is. ◗

GOOFING ON YAHWEH

He forsaketh . . . just like a woman



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

I don't quite know what to make of this idea that a woman made up Yahweh.

On the one hand I say, "Of course! Why didn't I see it before? Behind *every* great man is a woman (rolling her eyes). She didn't make up a woman God; she was too droll for that. What is God but someone to blame unhappiness on?" On the other hand I say, "Now, wait a minute."

THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Just as we're about to go to war with Islam (we who, incidentally, have a deeply disaffected underclass here at home featuring people named Raheem), along comes Yale literary theorist Harold Bloom with these propositions:

- that J, ancient Hebrew author of what is now known as *The Book of J* (from which Genesis and other parts of the Bible derive), created not only Adam and Eve but also Yahweh, later to become Jehovah and Our Heavenly Father, not to mention Allah;
- that J was a woman, a friend of Solomon's son;
- that J's account of the Creation and the Old Man Himself includes a good deal of the old tongue-in-cheek.

I bought the new translation of *The Book of J* by David Rosenberg with interpretation by Bloom, and I must say I'm jealous. All I could think to do in *my* last book was make up a first female president and male first lady. Bloom's made up a woman who made up God. It will be *centuries* before the dust settles enough for someone to take the next step and

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make up Bloom.

If only Bloom could take J on tour. Would *that* be an *Oprah*! Probably J'd have to speak from behind a screen, to preserve her anonymity so she wouldn't have to go into seclusion like Salman Rushdie; but that would just make her more fascinating. As she no doubt realized.

It's true that J's Yahweh makes a man first, Bloom points out, but it's also true that "her childlike Yahweh" makes Adam out of mud, then blunders around making birds and fishes and snakes while trying to come up with a partner for Adam—then, after lots of practice at making animals, he carefully fashions, from Adam's bone, what was called for all along: a woman. "Misogyny in the West is a long and dismal history of weak misreadings of the comic J, who exalts women throughout her work, and never more than in this deliciously wry story of creation." If that's not a book-selling point, then I don't know the first thing about publishing.



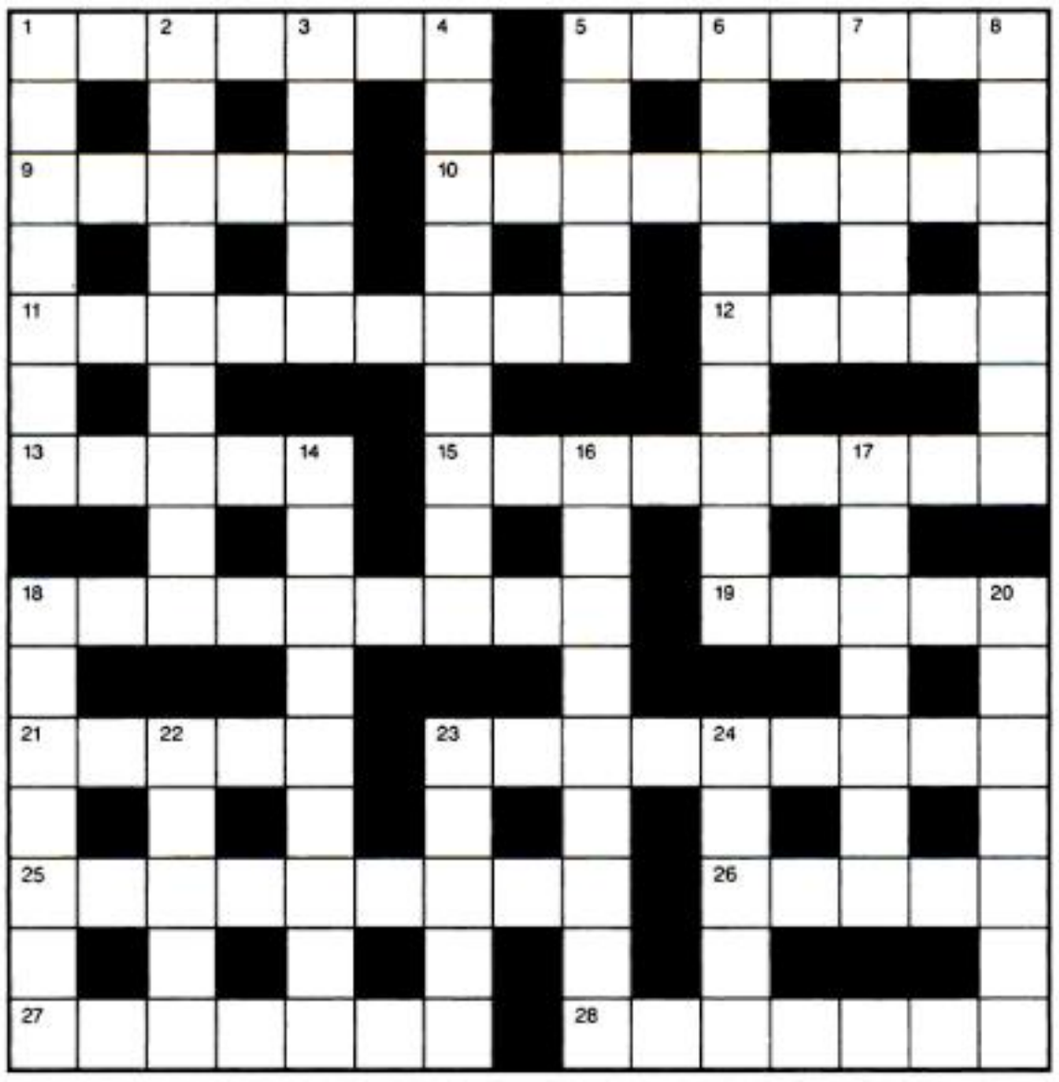
Bloom first wondered whether J was a woman "when I heard yet once more the familiar contention of feminist criticism that my own theories of influence are patriarchal." This ought to hold the feminists awhile, you sly dog, Bloom. I wonder whether in his heart of hearts he doesn't occasionally think of J as his Molly. Sometimes he does overplay his hand a bit, referring to "reading J as J" with such zest that I'm reminded of Jon Lovitz and Dana Carvey on *Saturday Night Live*, as gushy French TV critics who seize rapturously on Quincy Jones's every utterance with exclamations of "*Le Q!*" But Bloom is smoother. Catch this:

"J charmingly evades both patriarchal misogyny and feminist resentment while insinuating a kind of Shavian wit not exactly shared either by Yahweh or by Adam." Whom does Bloom see as "the modern writer most in J's spirit"? Kafka. Ah.

If Bloom has left himself sitting pretty, however, I still feel, myself, a bit at a loss. Here's what I'm wondering: what happens when my plane's hijacked by an Iraqi operative eager to die for his beliefs, and I try to talk it out with him—for that is what I've learned (from women) is the only way to resolve conflict in mutual respect—and he asks me, "What do *you* believe in?"

"Oh, well, the arts and sciences, of course. And the Bill of Rights. And the Judeo-Christian ethic, that is to say, Turn the other cheek, or, in other words, An eye for an eye. What I mean to say is...You know, I read recently that all the great religions that began in the Middle East derive from a single author, a woman, interestingly enough, not really religious herself, bit of a humorist, actually...."

I figure he shoots me.



ACROSS

1. Funny bear put back inside tiny trick cushion. (7)
5. Going over with something deadly, or not going over at all. (7)
9. The middle two words of Hamlet's most famous six words are also the proper response to "We could slip into the boss's office and put rubber vomit on his desk." (2,3)
10. What we have until we realize that money can buy it. (9)
11. Taxi piled helter-skelter into drunk. (9)
12. Where Prince Albert kept referring to old Peruvian empire. (5)
13. Siegfried's partner comprehends sixties chant to be commodious. (5)
15. Plotter (Russian) backs into snappy reptile. (9)
18. Importunate, employed by Newhouse. (9)
19. Yo! Elk digested by rube. (5)
21. Sofa express. (5)
23. In this neighborhood, one Jake is better than two. (9)
25. Satan's imps must sweat and toil/To burn at stake and _____. (4,2,3)
26. One northeastern right is dead. (5)
27. Popular term for attorney is hysterically funny (in part). (7)
28. Stand-up guy embraces Ed with fancy term for jokey. (7)

DOWN

1. Burger's big lie. (7)
2. Somehow box on debts is repugnant. (9)
3. Bloom's bit breaks plate. (5)
4. Being civil engineer after sixteen, perhaps. (9)
5. No rising in bed deprived of hard parts. (5)
6. Scornfully, master of ceremonies embraces nothing regal. (9)
7. Kind of column like those in SPY—but without any right. (5)
8. Brit novelist has right to be less experienced. (7)
14. Wild hysterics is response to "Are you being straight with me, Judas?" (3,6)
16. Scathing, though somehow civil around trio. (9)
17. First attempt to shoot sign offering things not worth taking. (4,3)
18. Unwanted bedfellow in Little Bear, America. (7)
20. Latin copper—wild and crazy guy. (7)
22. World organization puts it to leader of Yugoslavian accord. (5)
23. Singing group crazy, rich with zero heart. (5)
24. A kiss? Ten thousand! True statement! (5)

Answers appear on page 74.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

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1



2



Kurt Waldheim buff Arnold Schwarzenegger braces himself as his attractively snaggletoothed wife, Maria Shriver, loads their decidedly Germanic tot, Katherine, into the family infant pak.



SPY'S GUIDE TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN PUBLIC (AN ONGOING SERIES) This month, two techniques for the unnaturally short public figure who wishes to be perceived as tall. (**1**) Ask a genuinely tall public figure to squat or slump next to you when paparazzi are near, as Carrie Fisher has done here with Matthew Modine. (**2**) If your companion is noticeably taller than you, instruct him or her to stay several feet behind you at all times and to walk knock-kneed if possible (as socialite–war criminal Henry Kissinger has done here with his giantess wife, Nancy).

"HELLO DARLING" FROM HELL Sylvia Miles, 83 years *young* and wearing a fashionable ensemble in roadkill patchwork, nips at the air in front of former fatgirl Dianne Brill's face at a party for Benetton at the Central Park Zoo.



FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD As bachelor-pianist Michael Feinstein sniggers behind her back, improbable socialite and bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, momentarily flustered, attempts to insert the wrong end of a fork into the mouth of a tall, sturdy young chef.



1



2



LAST YEAR'S MODELS Leave it to two nighttime-soap-opera stars to define the styles of the 1970s and early 1980s with time-warp perfection. (**1**) Patrick Duffy of *Dallas* does the Disco Decade proud with his tuxedo shirt worn unbuttoned to reveal sexy chest hair, European-look purse tucked discreetly under one arm, chunky gilt chain bracelet and snazzy aviator-style sunglasses. (**2**) In a cleaned-up-punk look, circa 1984, *Baywatch*'s David Hasselhoff—caught by photographers in a completely spontaneous, unguarded moment—sports rolled-up T-shirt sleeves, a handy shiny leather hip pak, and sunglasses on a decorative and practical "leash" around his neck. *Groovy!*

FORCE OF HABIT Kitty Dukakis rolls up her sleeves, takes a deep breath and listens to a few words of moral support from LBJ biographer Robert Caro before putting herself on display at The Plaza as the author of a humiliating, excessively revealing memoir.



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CHECKING OUT THE COMPETITION Old-fashioned couturier Carolina Herrera inspects the décolletage of the future as conceived by retro-mod dress designer Isaac Mizrahi.



DUDE! After amusing guests at his Better World Society awards dinner by (**1**) limboing under an imaginary pole while waving a wine glass in the air, New Age mogul Ted Turner was (**2**) hauled away by his cosmetically capital-intensive girlfriend, Jane Fonda, as concerned cameramen looked on.



THE FRIENDS OF DONALD J. TRUMP Still skittish about appearing in public with *Police Academy VII* Oscar hopeful Marla Maples, *Forbes* 400 dropout Donald Trump prefers going on group dates—that is, he routinely invites half a dozen or so of his dearest friends to accompany him and Marla. At Ted Turner's dinner, the pair was joined by (**1**) a large friend with a bushy mustache, (**2**) a very large friend in a shiny suit and earphone and (**3**) an even larger friend who scowled and wore a black mustache.





PARTY POOP

At the *National Review*'s 35th-birthday party, tiresome *New York Times* columnist Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal and boulevardier Tom Wolfe took turns shaking editor William F. Buckley's hand while making funny faces at him.



FOREVER YOUNGISH Leaving Chasen's in Beverly Hills, Nancy Reagan seemed delighted to autograph a vintage publicity photograph of herself that bears scant resemblance to her current pinched, half-mad visage.



TOP THIS Now that every would-be boytoy from Dianne Brill to Marla Maples has copied her profoundly unflattering hairstyle, Ivana Trump has personalized her look with a unique, backward-facing curlicue cowlick.







Oval Office Diary Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 117-1090 OCTOBER 1990

Ah, Dear Dictaphone.

This on? Okay?

Not my idea--these thoughts. Almost rather talk to Gingrich or Dole--or Ed Rollins--than some Dictaphone--or even do a nation talk from the Oval. (And I hate those, except for the chair. Just awful. Why do they keep telling me to smile? Or to not . . . ? What are they talking about? Hate that fussing. Reminds me of Dad. And the other night, for the Iraq one, Ailes with the--he actually wanted to tape my hands to the--to the desk. And what if I itched, I said, and I'm the president? And millions out there. No tape, I said, negative, to Ailes, waving my hands around so he got it. Sig Rogich, the same thing--won't stop nagging me about the rib-soled shoes--they go fine with the suits, period, next question. Those two and the others and all these suggestions always coming at me on that image thing, and I have never even read a poll.)

And so now there's these diaries to do--when I could be out compromising on something. Moving things forward. Separating things out. But Bar says that everyone's gonna want memoirs, and even Millie did her best-seller. And Baker says that Marilyn Quayle just did a novel, and didn't I suppose even the vice president was going to do a book one day? (Jimmy always calls him "the vice president," and he always pronounces it slowly. One of his divisionary things, I think, but I let it go.) And so even though I wrote memoirs already, that's when I did it--did the 180. Springer spaniel authors--deal with it. But Quayles? So I'm doing this, and maybe it will expand out into a book someday. That's the idea.

And by the way, Quayle's--those polls that I never--in this case Sununu told me--his rating's still worse than mine. Quayle.

And also, I'm tired of all this--let me state something on that so-called Denver Snub, as they're calling it, of the first son, that I--that they say that I did. The fundraiser a few weeks ago in Colorado for Hank Brown, the Senate-candidate guy, out at the Convention Center? Okay: Now, how did I know that Neil was there? Not on the guest list. Listen, got things on my mind--Gingrich, governmental sequesterization, troops all over the Saudi, Baker leaking all over the papers. So how was I to know? Sharon's on the list, but not--and so we're there, I come in, and there's Sharon, say hello to the daughter-in-law, everything's warm and close, family, and then . . . a tugging. Pulling and tugging at my sleeve--Neil. As I went by. Tugging and pulling at the sleeve--Neil. I mean, where are his--I didn't walk by him on purpose. Didn't see him. Didn't expect him (the list). And suddenly there he is, right there. And I'm--when I see him, I'm totally parental all the way, the figure of a father. But he's still looking hurt (and I know what he's thinking--Little League, me not there, even though I explained and it's 25 damn years ago). Anyway, he tugs, and then later both of them waiting outside for me--Neil and Sharon, moping out there at the exit. Like a couple of chauffeurs. Embarrassing. Neil reads the papers, knows he has my confidence, full support. A hundred percent--on the Silverado. But he's out there lurking like this. Kids.

Gotta go. Gotta call Gorbachev on the Nobel thing. I don't get it--we win, and they're a disaster area, so he gets the prize and I'm the one that has to pick up the red phone and say "Nice goin'." And if I don't hang up that framed sawed-up AK-47 from President Chamorro, I think Bar's gonna go ballistic.

GHWB:gk

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What Would It Be Like To Hear...?

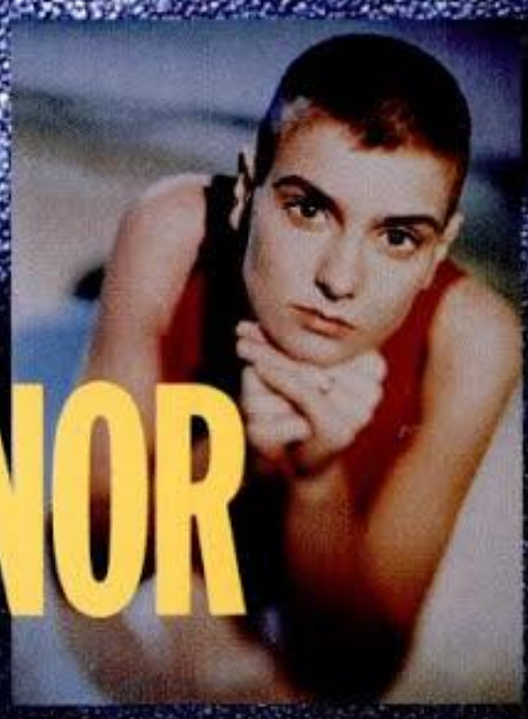
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